

**For space is dark
... and full of terrors**



NEW HORIZON
Scenario Pack SW

NEW HORIZON

Scenario Pack SW1.0

New Horizon is a game about humanity's spread into our solar system and the horrors we discover as we go there. It is an exciting mix of Blade Runner universe, Aliens movies, Lovecraftian horror and hard science-fiction.

The scope of New Horizon is contained to a fantastical setting that is still familiar to us – our solar system, from Mercury out to the frontier of the Kuiper Belt. Earth is still the center of the universe, home to all mankind, but millions of people dwell in colonies and space stations spread throughout the solar system and beyond. Spaceships travel between the worlds, using technology that propels them from world to world in a matter of weeks or months, instead of years.

Despite the fact that the nations of the solar system are united in a way never before thought possible, the vast distances that separate the colonies of humanity create a sense of isolation. The journeys through the black are long and lonely. There are many who find this isolation difficult to deal with, especially given the things that now roam in the dark.

Horror takes many forms. It is the uncertainty of survival, the suspense of finding malevolent things among the stars, and fear of the unknown. It is the dread of facing Things That Should Not Be, the revulsion when encountering alien things, and the sickening realization of the wrong and ghastly things that humans are capable of doing to themselves and each other. Horror also arises both from the comprehension that there are scary things beyond our understanding inhabiting our universe and that humanity may be its own worst enemy. Despite all of the technological tools and advances available, they still face terrors like losing control of their own identities, their perceptions, and their mental faculties— not to mention their future as a species.

New Horizon is a couple hundred years into the future. In terms of its influences, the setting is approximately equivalent to the technology presented in such movies as Total Recall, After Earth, Outland, Starship Trooper, Avatar, Elysium, Predator, Doom, Pandorum, Event Horizon or The Expanse TV series.



FOR MATURE AUDIENCES ONLY
This book is intended for mature readers. It contains
dark and disturbing content and images.
Reader discretion is advised.

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Secret Wars

A New Horizon scenario pack for SAD's MiliSci agents.

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INTRODUCTION

BOOK STRUCTURE

Each of the scenarios presented in this book are playable by up to five players in around one night, and are designed to introduce players to New Horizon. Each focuses on a limited location and timeline, and thrusts the players into the key point of an investigation or mystery.

Return To Coprates Cartena (SW00)

Intruders have broken into a highly sensitive archaeological site quarantined by MiliSci. The PCs were quickly dispatched to clean up the site.

The Artefact (SW01)

The adventurers are sent to the DMZ on the border with the ERC. Their mission is to re-establish contact with a research station studying an extraterrestrial artifact. While there, they discover that the real monsters are not the ones you might think.

RUNNING THIS SCENARIO PACK

Study the contents of this book before attempting to play through it. Players have every right to demand that the Game Master knows what's going on. By understanding the text and plot, the GM knows what to stress, what to skip over, what to hint at, what to dismiss, what to threaten, what to paraphrase delicately, and what to throw at the adventurers.

The way that text is sometimes presented in a descriptive form may have some GMs thinking that this scenario needs to be run in a linear manner, with situations, and investigator reactions preordained. This is not the case. If the players do something that alters, or makes a scene impossible, the GM must then adjust the Players' Information accordingly. However, it is true that these descriptive paragraphs of player information can lend themselves to a simple approach to running the adventure, allowing for almost immediate use after the book has been read. After all, some GMs aren't fortunate enough to have the hours of spare time necessary to prepare their ideal scenario,

What is important, is that this is your scenario and it can be presented with as much, or as little information as desired. We feel that the aura of a sometimes impenetrable mystery is an important factor. But GMs may wish to display would-be hidden intimacies in any way they deem appropriate. There will be times where the plot may be overwhelming the players: this is fine as long as the GM is not confused, and as long as everyone is enjoying themselves.

Throughout the story, there are points where the GM will have to refer to their New Horizon core rule book for technical data. Because of differences in varying versions of the game, there are no page numbers listed. However, GMs will most likely be familiar enough with the game to find the necessary information. But if not, don't spend vital minutes of time uncomfortably flipping through pages in silence, looking for a particular rule. If you can't find something straight away, just improvise and relax yourself—not the atmosphere you have spent hours creating.

PREPARING FOR PLAY

Having read through the start pack and gained a good understanding of the key plot and characters, the GM is advised to prepare each adventure prior to play. Highlight key headers and sections in the text and, perhaps, prepare memory-jogger notes of the key events, which can be referred to during play.

NPC statistics and monster profiles are gathered together at the close of each of the chapters for ease of reference. It's a good idea to copy/ print these sections out onto separate pages, allowing the GM to have them near at hand for quick referral and to avoid flicking back and forth through the book. Likewise, printing out the portraits of the key NPCs to show the players (perhaps sticking these on to cards or on a convenient wall next to the gaming table) may help the players to differentiate the cast of allies and villains as they go through the adventures.

RETURN TO COPRATES CATENA

by Darken Wings

This introductory scenario is designed to introduce players to each other while they ponder the violent and often illegal actions they will have to undertake to protect humanity from supernatural threats it is not ready to face, and from dangers that could lead to its destruction.

It can be experienced as a standalone one-shot using the pre-generated characters provided in the appendices or as an introductory scenario to a campaign set in the enigmatic realms of MiliSci.

KEEPERS INFORMATION 1

Introduction

The adventure begins with the PCs stationed at Fort Pickering, a MiliSci division research base on Mars. While scrutinizing data from previous missions, they abruptly receive a Code Red warning, compelling them to proceed urgently to the STV hangars. This is no ordinary training exercise.

KEEPERS INFORMATION 2

Timeline

January 2260

A Cenargo Corporation survey team on Mars discovers alien ruins at the bottom of Coprates Catena.

April 2260

The MiliSci New Technologies Branch (NTB) takes over the excavations. The find is classified as Above Top Secret. The area is sealed off to the public and the site is placed under heavy guard.

November 2263

Professor Kitover, an NTB scientist, translates the writings on the stone tablets. He promptly goes insane and destroys his lab, including the stone tablets.

December 2263

Dr Ethan Caine, of Cenargo Corp R&D in Oxford on Earth, receives a copy of the writings from what have become known as the 'Coprates Fragments' from Teresa Eden, CEO of Cenargo Mars, and begins translating the work. Part of an encrypted transmission is intercepted by MiliSci.

April 2270

Roe is assigned to lead Project Babel – a detailed analysis of the Caine Translation. The project is top secret, and Roe is seconded to Cenargo Labs on Mars, where he is given a research team.

January 2271

Mysterious disappearances of Dr. Roe and his research assistant Penny Walker.

2 weeks ago

The Cenargo Board decides to set up a four-person investigation team before the case becomes a federal police matter.

11 days ago

Colonel Markov instructs Analyst Cleaver of MiliSci's SAD section to mount a covert operation to find out what happened to Dr. Roe and Penny Walker.

10 days ago

A team of MiliSci agents, searching Dr. Roe's apartment for clues to his whereabouts, is disturbed by Cenargo's team of investigators. Three agents are killed.

3 hours ago

Roe goes to the site and summons two star vampires to kill the unsuspecting MiliSci guards. He leaves the Star Vampires to guard the entrance into the subterranean temple, and continues inside.

2 hours ago

A STV was picked up by sensors set up by MiliSci at a 50km perimeter around the dig site.

INVESTIGATORS INFORMATION 1

What do MiliSci know?

MiliSci suspects Cenargo of retaining information relating to the classified Coprates Catena excavations on Mars. After Dr Kitover destroyed his laboratory and the Coprates fragments, progress on the MiliSci project was seriously hampered. MiliSci redirected project funds towards more lucrative activities.

For the past 4 years, the Coprates Project has been under the supervision of Colonel Markov, a particularly ruthless individual recruited into the department from the Russian arm of the UEAF.

He has had several of Cenargo's top research scientists under surveillance for the past 18 months, including Roe. When Roe disappeared on Mars, Markov ordered his apartment searched, and for a team to find Roe or Walker if they show any interest or made a move towards Coprates Catena.

THE ADVENTURE 1

Mission Briefing

The PCs are seated in an STV, flying at 1.5 mach, that took off less than an hour ago from Fort Pickering, a MiliSci research base on Mars. The departure has been swift, not to say rushed, and the characters hear about their mission live from Analyst Cleaver, recently assigned to the Special Actions Division on Mars.

Read the following to the players:

Something went wrong about 2 hours ago. Our sensors detected an STV flying directly to the sealed dig site of Coprates Catena. Shortly after, we also lost contact with our survey team on site. An hour later, we spotted the signature of another STV, also flying in the same direction.

We strongly suspect that Cenargo kept information pertaining to this classified site and went on researching sensitive data they had stolen when they discovered the aliens' ruins. Two members of their program research disappeared two weeks ago: Dr. Maximilian Roe, the head leader of a secret project, and one of his research assistants, Penny Walker.

I have set up an operation to discover what happened to the two fellows, but an Investigation team from Cenargo is getting in the way. We have lost three agents so far. There is a great chance that the STVs we detected brought Roe and the Cenargo Investigation Team.

In any case, your orders are to bring Roe and Walker back alive for interrogation and 'clean' the site of any intruders – kill everyone, take no prisoners. The files of the targets' profiles have been loaded into the PDA of your armor, as well as IFF tags for the remote sentry weapons system guarding the site.

Olsen, the science officer attached to Team Alpha, will be responsible for assessing the risks associated with anything remotely related to ETI and for analyzing sensitive data that might be stolen by intruders.

We also provide you with the map of the dig site and the manifest of all authorized personnel. Don't be surprised if there are Synthetics on the list. Prolonged exposure in a certain room of the site induces unexplained psychological changes, resulting in temporary or sometimes permanent insanity. So we prefer using androids due to this risk.

Any questions? If all is clear, the landing is planned in about two hours. Get to grips with the equipment provided, and good hunt!

Give the players Investigators Handout #1 to #3 and Investigators Handout #4 (Bio-hazard symbols indicate potential threats).

INVESTIGATORS INFORMATION 2

Valles Marineris / Coprates Catena

Valles Marineris is a vast canyon system, that runs along the Martian equator, often considered one of the largest canyons in the solar system. It stretches over 4,000 kilometers long, spans up to 600 kilometers wide, and reaches depths of up to 7 kilometers. Valles Marineris is a prominent geological feature on Mars, and its scale dwarfs Earth's Grand Canyon. It is the result of various geological processes, including tectonic activity and the collapse of the Martian crust. Valles Marineris consists of a network of interconnected canyons, chasms, and troughs that provide valuable insights into Mars' geological history.

Coprates Catena is a series of aligned craters, forming a chain-like pattern, situated within the larger Valles Marineris canyon system, and located near its eastern end. The craters in this feature are the result of impacts, but the specific geological processes that led to their formation are not fully understood. The name "Coprates" comes from a classical albedo feature on Mars, which is a bright or dark marking on the planet's surface. "Catena" is a term used in planetary nomenclature to designate a chain of craters.

Give the players Investigators Handout #4 and #5.



THE ADVENTURE 2

The Cleaners Arrive

The unmarked MiliSci dropship arrives at the base camp. Onboard, two squads of highly trained MiliSci SAD operatives await disembarkation.

These elite MiliSci SAD units are armed with cutting-edge Smart technology. Among their arsenal are swarm 6 drones, each hovering at the size of a modern-day computer mouse. These drones serve as forward observers, utilizing lasers to mark potential threats or targets. Once marked, 10mm smart munitions are precisely launched from a secure distance, homing in on the designated targets.

The intruders' STV, detected by sensors, landed approximately 50m from the camp modules. Machine guns swiftly engage, riddling the STV with bullets. In the event of survivors, Bravo team will handle the situation.

INVESTIGATORS INFORMATION 3

MiliSci Base Camp [Map 1]

Touchdown. As the rear hatch lowers, two squads of highly trained MiliSci SAD operatives emerge, clad in advanced combat gear that seems almost otherworldly under the dim Martian light. The STV takes off again immediately to provide air cover and map the movements of any ground personnel. Cleaver remains with the 2 pilots to monitor the progress of the two squadrons and coordinate their deployment.

The Alpha team, the PCs with Olsen, are in charge of entering the dig site, while the Bravo team will stay outside to seal off the perimeter and eliminate any escapees.

Bravo team, the silent executioners, moves with lethal precision, securing the perimeter with calculated efficiency. The SAD units deploy swarm 6 drones, each hovering like silent sentinels, their laser beams cutting through the darkness to mark potential threats or targets.

A haunting symphony of winds ascends through the imposing canyons, carrying along a sinister ballet of red fines – micron-sized dust particles, the ubiquitous specters of Mars – and ethereal water vapor. Within mere minutes, a suffocating coating blankets every surface, rendering the desolation even more profound.

The air is charged with tension as the MiliSci operatives, masters of clandestine warfare, move like shadows through the eerie Martian landscape. The desolation of Coprates Catena seems to amplify the sound of every footstep, creating an unsettling contrast between the barren silence and the imminent storm of violence.

As the Alpha team prepare to enter the tunnel of the dig site, the cold Martian wind carries a foreboding chill, as if the planet itself senses the impending clash between clandestine forces.



KEEPERS INFORMATION 3

The Dig Site [Maps 2-5]

The dig site, shrouded in perpetual gloom, is underscored by an eerie symphony – the constant whisper of air weaving through undiscovered ventilation systems, its unsettling cadence resembling mournful moans that reverberate through the desolate confines. Power cables snake along the walls, entwined like serpentine shadows, and halogen lights cast sporadic pools of harsh illumination.

Transept Chamber

1. Entrance:

A passage cut directly into the rock face of Coprates Catena serves as a gateway to the enigmatic depths below. Excavated by what appears to be an industrial melting cutter, the tunnel extends over a diameter of 5 meters, its shape vaguely circular with a flattened floor. An eerie testament to the site's enigmatic history, it appears that the Coprates Catena complex was once sealed into the rock, with no discernible point of entry or exit.

2. The Entrance Tunnel:

Extending for a daunting 200 meters, the tunnel descends with a subtle incline, a subterranean artery carved into the heart of Coprates Catena. Along the walls, cables weave a network from the distant power generator, intermittently punctuated by harsh intervals of light.

Approximately halfway down this dimly lit corridor of shadows and cables, a human corpse, contorted into a grotesque parody of life, sprawls lifeless on the cold ground. The cadaver is garbed in Mars camouflaged Combat Armor, its shoulders adorned with the insignia of MiliSci.

In a macabre twist, the lifeless figure within the armor has been meticulously drained of its lifeblood. The unsettling absence of crimson starkly contrasts with the lifeless pallor of the corpse. The PDA of the armor gives the identity of the dead: Serial code 101265.

SAN: 0/1D3

Idea roll:

The M92 rifle once clutched by the deceased soldier is missing.

3. Transept Chamber:

As the tunnel opens up into a sprawling square chamber, measuring 50 meters across and towering at a height of 10 meters, harsh lights mounted on sturdy tripods pierce through the perpetual twilight. At the heart of this cavernous expanse lie two more lifeless MiliSci soldiers, bathed in the stark illumination (Serial codes 102004 and 102197). These two still clutch their M29 weapons, magazines eerily half-empty. Numerous cartridge cases scattered on the floor.

Each corner of the chamber harbors a 10-meter wide tunnel entrance – three swallowed by ominous darkness,

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while the fourth is eerily lit. Positioned in front of each tunnel is a peculiar triangular column, standing at a height of 5 meters, adorned with cryptic swirling patterns.

Spot:

Upon closer inspection of the enigmatic columns, a disorienting effect grips the Investigators as the patterns seem to writhe and undulate.

SAN: 0/1.

4. The Transept Tunnels:

Each of the expansive 10-meter wide tunnels stretches for 50 meters before abruptly ascending into an ominous vertical shaft.

- *Tunnel A:* Empty.
- *Tunnels B & C:* Each conceals a Star Vampire.
- *Tunnel D:* Fitted with a platform lift in a steel cage, surrounded by equipment boxes and trailing power cables to the exterior camp. The lift ascends 15 meters to the Temple Chamber.

Occupants:

2x Star Vampires.

If the PCs venture into tunnels B and C, they will immediately be attacked by their occupant. If they head for the elevator, there's only a 60% chance that one of the Star Vampires will attack. Read the following to the players:

The faint outlines of a presence take shape: it's red and dripping, an immensity of pulsating, moving jelly, a headless, faceless, eyeless mass with the ravenous maw and titanic talons of a myriad of tentacled trunks that wobble and flicker. The suction cups of these appendages open and close with macabre desire.

Temple Chamber

Unveiling itself as a colossal subterranean chamber, octagonal in shape, with an approximate diameter of 100 meters, illuminated by strategically positioned lamps on tripods along the walls. The ceiling, obscured in darkness, looms 40 meters overhead.

At the heart of this monumental chamber stands a massive (20 meters tall) green stone statue, an eldritch amalgamation of part frog, part squid, part insect – an entity beyond human creation that emanates an otherworldly fear.

SAN: 1/1D3.

Surrounding the statue, at every point of the octagonal platform, stand eight green stone obelisks (each 5 meters tall) leaning at a 15-degree angle. Three obelisks lie shattered, their recent demise apparent from seismic survey charges. Inspecting these columns invokes a similar unsettling effect as those in the Transept Chamber.

SAN: 0/1.

Positioned against one wall is a platform lift enclosed in a steel cage, surrounded by equipment boxes and trailing power cables. The lift ascends 40 meters, disappearing through a square hole cut into the chamber ceiling.

Spot:

Sherwin, one of the Synthetics, is discovered here, seemingly caught in the blast that felled the obelisks. His IFF tag is missing.



Star Chamber

6. Lift:

The lift emerges into an N/S-oriented tunnel, 5 meters across and octagonal. Resting against the tunnel wall lies a Synthetic. She is drenched in congealed white 'blood,' her vacant eyes staring into the abyss.

Spot:

Bryce was shot at close-range by a burst of a M29. Her IFF tag is missing.

7. Perimeter Tunnel:

Encompassing the 3rd level of the dig site, this 5-meter wide, octagonal tunnel circumnavigates the perimeter, connecting to each of the Plinth Rooms (8).

As they make their way up the tunnel, the PCs receive a call from the Bravo team. Baines was found in the laboratory module with three TASER darts stuck in his chest. After reset, he said he was neutralized by Roe, then later reactivated by a 4-person commando for interrogation. He tried to activate an emergency beacon, but was again disabled.

8. Plinth Rooms:

The Perimeter Tunnel intersects these four chambers, each octagonal in shape with three exits. Centered within each room is a 1-meter high plinth, its flat top inlaid with silver metal in the configuration of a star.

9. Guarded Approach:

Four 3m-wide tunnels lead to the Star Chamber, each equipped with an active sentry gun positioned at the end closest to the chamber. The Cenargo Investigation Team (CIT) had been alerted to the arrival of the MiliSci SAD by the pilot of its STV before communication was interrupted. All guns were hastily reprogrammed by CIT to engage anyone, rendering the IFF tags useless.

Dodge:

A difficult skill roll is needed to evade some rounds, reducing potential hits from 1d20 to 1d10.

10. Inner Gallery:

A 5m-wide tunnel, following the octagonal perimeter around the Star Chamber (11), features wide openings in the north, east, south, and west walls. A lift vanishes from sight outside the northern opening (to 12).

11. The Star Chamber:

Measuring 15m x 15m, this octagonal chamber directly aligns over the statue in the Temple (5) below. A 3 x 3 m freight elevator has been installed to access the upper level, 10 m higher. The room's floor gently slopes towards the center, where concentric rings of columns obscure the view. Dominating the central area is a 10m diameter platform featuring a monumental Elder Sign, encircled by intricate alien glyphs.

Roe's body lies in the middle of the platform, riddled with bullets. His blood forms a large puddle. The right side of his skull has been torn off, and part of his cervical matter has been thrown onto the ring steps.

Spot:

The cartridge cases on the floor show that Roe was killed by both assault rifle and shotgun fire.

Hibernation Chamber

12. Tunnel:

An octagonal tunnel, 5m wide and 4m high, features a unique design. In each outer corner, a shaft measuring 1.5m x 1.5m disappears into the ceiling. Octagonal openings at inner corners are blocked by a luminous blue field. Signs beside these openings read:

"Warning: Androids and shielded humans only beyond this point."

The SAD team can pass through the field without harm, although it emits a strange whining noise when disrupted. The openings lead to the Hibernation Chamber (13).

The Star Chamber freight elevator (11) leads into this corridor. This position is where the CIT has strategically set a trap for the MiliSci team. Should the PCs opt for the elevator, the intruders will initiate their assault by throwing grenades, followed by a relentless barrage of bullets to eliminate survivors. Subsequently, they plan to utilize a smart rope for a swift abseil descent and a quick escape to the exit. Unfortunately, the efficiency of their escape is hampered by Penny Walker's complete breakdown.

Occupants:

CIT (Celine Feuerberg, Neil Carter, Arthur Kurtz & Hervé Balzagette) and Penny Walker.

Spot:

If the bodies are searched, players may find:

- 1x PDA containing copies of the Cenargo data files related to the Coprates Fragments. These include cataloged high-resolution digital photos and 3D models of the Greys' writings.
- 1x holocard adorned with the dragon motif of the Motokatsu-Kyono Combine. The holocard is embedded with a beacon linked to MKC orbital satellites.

13. Hibernation Chamber:

This octagonal, 40m-wide chamber is dimly lit by the blue glow of fields at each of the four entrances and sporadically blinking lights on monitoring devices near the northwest entrance. In the center, emanating from a black stone column, are five black metal sarcophagi, each 2m long, crafted to resemble thin humanoid figures with oversized heads and large, sloped almond-shaped eyes.

After a few minutes, the team may hear whispering voices and perceive fleeting movements. Leaving the chamber avoids a psychic assault that occurs if they stay, testing their POW vs. PP20. Failure leads to a loss of 1d6 SAN every MR until they exit the chamber.

Olsen will warn PCs of the dangers of entering this room.

14. Hidden Chamber of Writings:

A hole in the wall reveals a 3m-wide tunnel leading south. After 10m, it opens into a 40 x 30m chamber, featuring octagonal plinths. About half of these plinths hold stacks of Grey's writings (see Keepers Information 11).



15. The Vents:

In each corner of the outer tunnel (12), a shaft measuring 1.5m x 1.5m disappears into the ceiling.

Spot Hidden:

A ladder is installed in the southeast (SE) vent and lead to the cavern complex 100m above. Fortunately, the CIT did not find this escape route.

KEEPERS INFORMATION 4

Loose Ends

If the PCs successfully extract Penny Walker alive, she will be transported back to Fort Pickering for interrogation. Regrettably, her cooperation is limited, and the scant information she possesses only serves to confirm MiliSci's suspicions regarding Cenargo's research.

Later, his lifeless body is thrown from a flying STL 850 m above Solis Planium.

In response to escalating tensions, enhanced security measures are implemented in and around the excavation site. MiliSci fortifies its presence, deploying advanced surveillance drones and reinforcing personnel to safeguard against potential threats.

Colonel Markov officially summons her for a meeting, where he reminds her of federal laws related to the discovery of Xeno cultures. The encounter is tense, and the repercussions for Cenargo remain uncertain.

PCs who have demonstrated exceptional competence find themselves in high demand. MiliSci recognizes their skills and commitment, prioritizing them for the next mission, which promises to be even more challenging. The nature of this upcoming mission remains shrouded in secrecy, hinting at deeper mysteries and greater dangers on the horizon.

THE END.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This scenario takes inspiration from "Fragmented Sanity" by John Ossoway, part of his Myth(os) Buster campaign. I've adapted the central plot for this setting, along with the associated plans.

I'd like to express my heartfelt gratitude to my team of players: Ludo, Antoine, Nans, and Gauthier. Despite finding themselves on the wrong side of the "intruders," they miraculously managed to survive – at least, on this occasion. ;-)

APPENDIX A: DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Statistical profiles are gathered here to enable the GM to copy or print out these pages separately from the campaign to provide a handy reference when running this chapter.

ANALYST RICH CLEAVER

Black Ops Team Leader. Age 35.

STR:	13	Move:	3
CON:	14	HP:	26
SIZ:	12	Dex SR:	3
INT:	14	DB:	+1D4
POW:	13	SAN:	50
DEX:	13		
APP:	11		
BRA:	14		

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
M11P Pistol	3	75	+0	1d10+2
Combat Knife	1	75	+0	1d4+2+1d4

Armour:

Combat Body Armour (8AP)

Notes:

Cleaver was transferred from Milisci to the SAD about 6 months ago. He's in charge of doing the dirty work, and he does it perfectly. He doesn't hesitate to sacrifice staff to achieve his ends if necessary, or to hide evidence that could put MiliSci in a tricky situation.

OLSEN GORDEN

MiliSci Scientist Officer. Age 40.

STR:	09	Move:	3
CON:	12	HP:	23
SIZ:	11	Dex SR:	3
INT:	17	DB:	+0
POW:	14	SAN:	55
DEX:	13		
APP:	10		
BRA:	12		

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
M11P Pistol	3	30	+0	1d10+2

Armour:

Combat Body Armour (8AP)

Notes:

Olsen is a big, flabby man; well into middle-age, marked by a life of lab-work. He wore a white smock, buttoned to his fat neck. His greyed hair was thinning, swept over a balding pate.

Skills:

Administration 30%, Archaeology 45%, Computer Operation 40%, Data Analysis 60%, Forbidden Science 10%, Occult 40%, Xeno-Archaeology 55%, Xeno-Biology–Ecology 60%, Listen 35%, Spot 50%.

STAR VAMPIRE

Shambler from the Stars

STR: 30 Move: 6/9
CON: 15 HP: 45
SIZ: 30 Dex SR: 3
INT: 11
POW: 16
DEX: 10
HF: 1/1d10 to see it / be attacked by it.



Armour: 4 point hide;

Bullets only do ½ damage (round down)

ATTACKS:	A%	DAMAGE
1d4 Talons	40%	1d6+2d6
Bite*	80%	1d6 STR drain/rd

* the bite attack applies to the monstrous suckers on the end of the talonous tentacles. If a claw attack succeeds, the Vampire may attempt a bite attack against the same target. To break free, the victim must destroy the talon (deal 10 HP damage) or roll STR vs. STR.

PENNY WALKER

Cenargo Research Assistant. Age 29.

STR: 08 Move: 3
CON: 10 HP: 20
SIZ: 10 Dex SR: 2
INT: 14 DB: +0
POW: 14 SAN: 55
DEX: 16
APP: 14
BRA: 10



ATTACKS:

None. Base chance in any attack only

Armour:

No armour.

Notes:

Research assistant Penny Walker is suffering from temporary insanity, manifesting itself as a borderline catatonia. She can be led around, but cannot answer any questions, and will whimper and cry continuously.

CELINE “SWISH” FEUERBERG

The intelligence agent. Born on Ceres, aged 33.

STR: 12 Move: 3
CON: 16 HP: 28
SIZ: 12 Dex SR: 1
INT: 18 DB: +0
POW: 13 SAN: 55
DEX: 18
APP: 07
BRA: 14



ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Unarmed Cmbt	1	65	+0	2d3+db
HK45 Pistol	3	75	+0	1d10+2
Combat Shotgun	3	50	+0	4d6+2
Ceramic Knife	1	35	+0	1d4+2+db

Armour:

Personal Body Armour (4AP)

Augmentations:

Eye recording unit (Cyber), Attention coprocessor (Cyber), Skillwire expert system (Cyber), Gecko hands (Cyber).

Skills:

Bureaucracy 40%, Dodge 81%, Stealth 70%, Streetwise 40%, Data Analysis 65%, Computer Security 90%, Computer Operation 65%, Spot 80%, Hide 45%, Climb 60%, Freerunning 65%, Read lips 46%, Falsification 10%, Alertness 85%, Listen 30%, Research 30%.

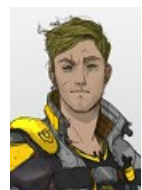
Notes:

Celine is an intelligence operative, the one you turn to for information. She ventures out and returns with the details—nothing more. It's her life now. She never envisioned it, but this is her reality. She comes off as unsympathetic, prioritizing survival above all else.

NEIL CARTER

The Corporate Soldier. Born on Earth, aged 32.

STR: 16 (20) Move: 3
CON: 14 HP: 26
SIZ: 12 Dex SR: 1
INT: 12 DB: +1D4
POW: 12 SAN: 50
DEX: 14
APP: 11
BRA: 13



ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Unarmed Cmbt	1	51	+0	2d3+db
M13A1 Pistol	3	55	+0	1d6+1
ACR Rifle	3/5/10	55	+0	2d8+2
MK221 Shotgun	3	65	+0	3d6+3*

*vs CON

Armour:

Personal Body Armour (4AP)

Augmentations:

Militarized right arm (Cyber), Auto-injector: 2x Painkiller + 3x Combat drug + 1x Super Arenaline + 1x + TKM (Cyber), Earware (Cyber), Smartlink (Cyber), Cyber safety (Cyber).

Skills:

Dodge 40%, First Aid 50%, Hide 50%, Listen 50%, Martial Arts 51%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Sneak 40%, Low/Zero Gravity Operations 50%, Insight 20%, Streetwise 10%, Throw 30%, Spot 35%, Jump 30%.

NEW HORIZON, scenario pack SW1.0

Notes:

Neil Carter is an operative soldier employed by the Cenargo Corporation. Initially beginning his career in the army with prospects of a lengthy and promising trajectory, a severe shoulder injury altered his course. Occasionally, signs of his trauma manifest, and he tends to remain in the shadows. It's challenging to elicit a smile from him, yet he readily extends a helping hand to his comrades.

ARTHUR KURTZ

The Pilot. Born on Saturn VI, aged 31.

STR: 11 Move: 3
CON: 13 HP: 24
SIZ: 11 Dex SR: 1
INT: 15 DB: +0
POW: 13 SAN: 60
DEX: 14 (20)
APP: 13
BRA: 16



ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
IMI-V Pistol	3	35	+0	1d10+2
ACR Rifle	3/5/10	55	+0	2d8+2

Armour:

Personal Body Armour (4AP)

Augmentations:

Wired Reflexes (Cyber), Reaction Enhancers (Cyber).

Skills:

Astronomy 71%, Art 35%, Computer Use 61%, Electrical Repair 21%, Electronics Systems 21%, Mechanical Repair 21%, Navigate 80%, Physics 71%, Pilot Space Ship 51%, Pilot Shuttle 21%, Zero/Low G Operations 60%.

Notes:

Arthur Kurtz was born on Titan, 31 solar cycles ago. After a few tranquil years in the army reserves, with no major deployments (the most significant engagement being an attack on transport freighters he escorted), he encountered Helena, his future wife. This meeting led him to depart from the military for a more secure and well-compensated role. He then joined the Cenargo Corporation as a pilot, responsible for transporting goods to diverse colonies. Despite being somewhat naive, Arthur is always eager to assist those in need.

HERVÉ BAZALGETTE

The Scientist. Born on Earth, aged 37.

STR: 11 Move: 3
CON: 12 HP: 26
SIZ: 14 Dex SR: 1
INT: 18 DB: +1D4
POW: 13 SAN: 60
DEX: 15 (18)
APP: 11
BRA: 13



ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
M13A1 Pistol	3	35	+0	1d6+1
M74 Shock Rifle	3	45	+0	4d6+10*

*vs CON

Armour:

Personal Body Armour (4AP)

Augmentations:

Sleep regulator (Bio), Muscle Toner (Bio), Symbiotes (Bio).

Skills:

Hyper-dimensional Physics 70%, Library Use 65%, Electronics Communications 40%, Fine Manipulation 15%, History 25%, Other languages 31%, Stardrive Engineering 11%, Climb 40%, Zero Gravity operations 10%, Throw 60%, Research 25%, Occult 24%.

Notes:

After completing a master's degree in physics in France, Hervé pursued a Ph.D. in quantum communications and faster-than-light technologies with Threshold Unlimited, a subsidiary of the Cenargo Corporation. Following his doctoral studies, he dedicated twelve years to the company before returning to Earth. Proficient with his hands, he continues his research role for Cenargo in London. Hervé's diverse background allows him to communicate fluently in several languages, including French, Japanese, and English.

BLACK HORNET

UAV Nano drone

STR: N/A Move: 10
STU: 01 HP: 02
SIZ: 01 Dex SR: 1
INT: N/A DB: N/A
EDU: 08
DEX: 16

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Laser pointer	1	70	-	-

Armour:

None

Skills:

Dodge: 80%, Navigate: 70%, Stealth: 80%.

Notes:

The Black Hornet Nano is a highly versatile and widely used military micro unmanned aerial vehicle (UAV) with applications in reconnaissance and situational awareness. It is utilized to fly into enemy territory, capturing video and still images for reconnaissance purposes.

APPENDIX B: SAMPLE PREGENS

Some ideas for player characters to be used with this adventure.

CAPTAIN CONRAD HARRIS

SAD Commanding officer of Operation Keystone, aged 40, Serial code 93778

STR: 16 Move: 3
CON: 15 HP: 30
SIZ: 15 Dex SR: 3
INT: 13 DB: +1D4
POW: 14 SAN: 50
DEX: 14
APP: 11
BRA: 17

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Unarmed Cmbt	1	60	+0	2d3+db
M11P Pistol	3	55	+0	1d10+2
M29 Rifle	3/5/10	65	+3	2d8
Rifle Grenade	1	65	-	varies
Combat Knife	1	45	+0	1d4+2+db

Armour:

Combat Body Armour (8AP)

Augmentations:

Neural Security System (Cyber), Praying Mantis Sickie (Cyber).

Skills:

Alertness: 70%, First Aid: 60%, Persuade: 40%, Psychology: 40%, Navigate: 60%, Stealth: 55%, Listen: 50%, Spot: 55%, Computer Operation 30%, Tactic: 60%, Low/Zero Gravity Ops: 30%, Forbidden Science 5%, Occult 5%.

Notes:

Captain Conrad Harris, a seasoned military officer, was born into a family with a long history of military service. From an early age, Harris showed exceptional leadership qualities and a keen strategic mind. His dedication and commitment earned him swift promotions within the ranks of the UEF military.

During a routine military operation on a distant outpost, Captain Conrad Harris and his unit confronted a series of inexplicable phenomena. Unearthly lights cavorted across the sky, and soldiers recounted hearing disconcerting whispers in the shadows. Harris took charge, leading his team into an abandoned research facility where they stumbled upon the aftermath of a clandestine ritual gone horribly wrong.

The ritual, orchestrated by the sinister Karotechia organization, had inadvertently torn open a temporary rift into an unknown dimension. Harris bore witness to the passage of bizarre creatures that wrought havoc upon his team. Confronting an unprecedented threat, Harris displayed exceptional leadership, successfully halting the ritual, eliminating the cultists, and sealing the rift. The cost was steep, with his unit suffering catastrophic losses, leaving Harris as the sole survivor.

The events at the research facility left an indelible mark on Captain Harris. Nightmares haunted his sleep, filled with grotesque visions of the otherworldly entities that had breached the rift. The unnerving whispers echoed in his mind, driving him to the edge of sanity during the quiet hours of the night. Harris became hyper-vigilant, seeing shadows move in the periphery, and the unearthly lights danced in his peripheral vision when darkness fell.

The trauma manifested not only in his psyche but also in an acute sensitivity to the unnatural. It was as if a sixth sense had awakened within him, an instinctual warning system for the presence of the arcane. As the commanding officer of Operation Keystone, Harris couldn't escape the gnawing feeling that Helios held secrets as profound and malevolent as those encountered during that fateful operation.

He expected Helios to be a crucible of challenges, pushing him to confront the lingering trauma. The Helios mission was not just another assignment; it was a potential catharsis, a journey to either quell the demons that haunted him or succumb to the encroaching darkness that threatened to unravel his sanity. Harris knew he had to lead his team with unwavering resolve, but the unknown terrors awaiting them on Helios would test the limits of even the strongest minds.

CORPORAL KEIRA JENKINS

SAD Explosives Tech, 1st Grade, aged 30, Serial code 103927

STR: 13 Move: 3
CON: 15 HP: 28
SIZ: 13 Dex SR: 1
INT: 14 DB: +1D4
POW: 14 SAN: 50
DEX: 17
APP: 14
BRA: 14

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Unarmed Cmbt	1	60	+0	2d3+db
M11P Pistol	3	55	+0	1d10+2
M29 Rifle	3/5/10	65	+3	2d8
Rifle Grenade	1	55	-	varies
Combat Knife	1	45	+0	1d4+2+db

Armour:

Combat Body Armour (8AP)

Augmentations:

Earware (Cyber), Microscopic Vision (Cyber).

Skills:

Alertness: 60%, First Aid: 40%, Demolition: 70%, Navigate: 40%, Stealth: 65%, Listen: 70%, Spot: 60%, Computer Operation 30%, Survival: 50%, Low/Zero Gravity Ops: 30%, Forbidden Science 5%.

Notes:

Corporal Keira Jenkins' harrowing experience on 'Ngano,' a jungle world nestled within the 58 Eridani star system, marked a turning point in her military career.

NEW HORIZON, scenario pack SW1.0

The mission began like any other reckon routine assignment for the UEAF, but it quickly descended into chaos as the unit encountered an enigmatic and deadly force.

Deep in the dense jungles of Ngano, Jenkins and her unit stumbled upon ancient ruins of unknown origin. As they cautiously explored the site, they encountered a mysterious being unlike anything recorded in their training. This entity possessed an otherworldly presence, its form shifting and cloaked in an eerie luminescence.

In a sudden and brutal assault, the mysterious being unleashed a devastating power that overwhelmed Jenkins' entire unit. The encounter was swift and merciless, leaving her comrades incapacitated or worse. Jenkins found herself miraculously spared, an outcome that defied all logical expectations.

Left alone in the aftermath, Jenkins grappled with the traumatic loss of her fellow soldiers and the inexplicable nature of the encounter. The encounter with the mysterious being left an indelible mark on her psyche, fueling a deep-seated determination to understand the truth behind the extraterrestrial threat. Her survival on Ngano became a haunting reminder of the unseen dangers lurking in the cosmos, propelling her into the covert world of MiliSci's Special Activities Division.

Haunted by the memory of that fateful day on Ngano, Corporal Jenkins now channels her expertise and obsessive attention to detail into her role as the SAD Explosives Tech. The encounter with the mysterious being serves as a constant reminder of the paranormal and extraterrestrial threats that she now faces as part of Operation Keystone.

PFC BLAKE MICHAEL

SAD Sniper, aged 26, Serial code 104061

STR: 14 Move: 3
CON: 14 HP: 28
SIZ: 14 Dex SR: 2
INT: 13 DB: +1D4
POW: 14 SAN: 50
DEX: 15
APP: 16
BRA: 15

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Unarmed Cmbt	1	45	+0	2d3+db
M11P Pistol	3	65	+0	1d10+2
M29 Rifle	3/5/10	75	+3	2d8
Rifle Grenade	1	45	-	varies
Combat Knife	1	45	+0	1d4+2+db

Armour:

Combat Body Armour (8AP)

Augmentations:

Gyroscopic Stabilizers (Cyber), Smartlink (Cyber).

Skills:

Alertness: 60%, First Aid: 50%, Recon: 50%, Stealth: 70%, Navigate: 55%, Listen: 60%, Spot: 70%, Computer

Operation 30%, Survival: 50%, Low/Zero Gravity Ops: 30%, Forbidden Science 5%.

Notes:

Fresh-faced and always eager. His defining characteristics were extraordinary skill with a sniper rifle, and an incredible talent with the opposite sex.

During a classified mission within a Dead Zone, PFC Blake Michael and his unit faced a perilous encounter with anomalies and mutated creatures. Sent on a covert operation to retrieve valuable artifacts, the team found themselves in a relentless battle for survival.

As they delved deeper into the Dead Zone, the boundaries between reality and the supernatural blurred. Anomalies twisted the landscape, and mutated creatures, remnants of failed experiments or the aftermath of the Blackout disaster, lurked in the shadows. The team navigated through the eerie terrain, facing challenges that pushed the limits of their training.

In a particularly harrowing incident, the squad was ambushed by an unknown entity, a manifestation of the Zone's malevolence. Blake Michael, displaying exceptional marksmanship, held his ground against the encroaching horrors. The encounter, however, resulted in the loss of some team members and left indelible scars on Michael's psyche.

Despite the trauma, Michael's skills in sniper warfare proved invaluable, and his reputation as a sharpshooter spread within the special operations community. The Dead Zone incident became a classified chapter in his military record, leading to his recruitment into the Special Activities Division of MiliSci's Bureau of Intelligence.

Now, as part of Operation Keystone, Michael faces a new enigma on the distant Helios III. The memories of the Dead Zone still haunt him, but his unparalleled sniper abilities make him an indispensable asset in confronting the extraterrestrial mysteries lying ahead.

PFC MARTINEZ ELLIOT

SAD agent, aged 41, Serial code 95002

STR: 15 Move: 3
CON: 15 HP: 29
SIZ: 14 Dex SR: 3
INT: 13 DB: +1D4
POW: 14 SAN: 50
DEX: 15
APP: 11
BRA: 14

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Unarmed Cmbt	1	50	+0	2d3+db
M11P Pistol	3	50	+0	1d10+2
M29 Rifle	3/5/10	70	+3	2d8
Rifle Grenade	1	60	-	varies
Combat Knife	1	60	+0	1d4+2+db

Armour:

Combat Body Armour (8AP)

Augmentations:

Muscle Augmentation (BioTech), Smartlink (Cyber), Cyber Melee Weapons (Cyber)

Skills:

Alertness: 50%, First Aid: 60%, Stealth: 60%, Navigate: 60%, Listen: 50%, Spot: 60%, Jump: 55%, Dodge 60%, Hide 55%, Computer Operation 30%, Survival: 50%, Track: 55%, Low/Zero Gravity Ops: 30%, Forbidden Science 5%.

Notes:

Private First Class Martinez Elliot, a former Alliance Marine Corps member, hails from a Venusian American background. Despite his assertions of Hispanic heritage, the last few generations of the Martinez family had likely never set foot on Earth.

In 2253, PFC Martinez Elliot was deployed to Innsmouth. Federal Law Enforcement officers, supported by AmeriCorps soldiers, executed a raid on the town. The operation aimed to suppress any potential threat arising from the rumored presence of Deep One hybrids.

During the raid, Elliot and his fellow operatives faced the eerie and unsettling atmosphere of Innsmouth, encountering resistance from the hybrid inhabitants. The operation resulted in the capture of approximately 200 Deep One hybrids, marked by the pervasive sense of secrecy and the ominous truth concealed beneath the surface. This mission would leave an indelible mark on Elliot, shaping his understanding of the hidden dangers lurking within the realm of the paranormal.

The covert operation in Innsmouth became a defining moment for Martinez Elliot, etching itself into the core of his being. The eerie atmosphere, coupled with the unsettling resistance from the Deep One hybrids, left an indelible mark on his psyche. Elliot's memories were a mosaic of clandestine maneuvers through shadowy alleys, the haunting whispers of the hybrids, and the persistent feeling that the town held secrets darker than they could fathom.

As a SAD agent, Elliot developed a keen awareness of the thin veil separating the ordinary from the supernatural. The enigmatic aura of Innsmouth lingered in his nightmares, and he often found himself scrutinizing the corners of rooms for any signs of eldritch secrets.

Now, as part of Operation Keystone on Helios, Elliot anticipated a journey into the unknown, a chance to confront the hidden perils that awaited. The desolate landscapes of Helios mirrored the shadows of Innsmouth, and Elliot knew that beneath the surface of this alien world lay secrets that could rival or even surpass the horrors he had witnessed before. The mission to Helios wasn't merely an assignment; it was a personal expedition into the realms of the paranormal, where Elliot hoped to find answers and closure to the mysteries that had haunted him since the days of Innsmouth.

PFC KAMINSKI VINCENT

SAD Electronics Tech, 1st Grade, aged 32, Serial code 97023

STR:	17	Move:	3
CON:	14	HP:	29
SIZ:	15	Dex SR:	3
INT:	14	DB:	+1D6
POW:	14	SAN:	50
DEX:	16		
APP:	10		
BRA:	15		

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Unarmed Cmbt	1	55	+0	2d3+db
M11P Pistol	3	45	+0	1d10+2
M29 Rifle	3/5/10	60	+3	2d8
Rifle Grenade	1	50	-	varies
Combat Knife	1	65	+0	1d4+2+db

Armour:

Combat Body Armour (8AP)

Augmentations:

Eye Light System (Cyber), Neural Datajack Interface (Cyber).

Skills:

Alertness: 50%, First Aid: 40%, Stealth: 50%, Navigate: 50%, Listen: 60%, Spot: 60%, Dodge 55%, Hide 60%, Computer Operation 30%, Data Analysis: 55%, Electronics Comm.: 60%, Electronics Systems: 60%, Survival: 40%, Forbidden Science 5%, Occult 5%.

Notes:

Quick-witted; a fast technician as well as a good shot. Kaminski had been UEAF Special Forces. He and Jenkins rubbed each other up the wrong way, like brother and sister. Expertly printed above the face-shield of his helmet are the words BORN TO KILL.

In 2259, during the intense and prolonged campaign of Theta Persei II, Vincent Kaminski found himself plunged into the dark realities of colonial warfare. Confronted with the Walking Deads project, an initiative led by the sinister Karotechia organization, Kaminski became a witness to forbidden experiments aimed at reanimating corpses using occult powers.

On this nightmarish battlefield, Kaminski was confronted with unimaginable horror: undead zombie soldiers created through Karotechia's unholy experiments. The conflict against these reanimated monstrosities turned into a slaughter, and Kaminski was one of the few survivors. However, victory came at a terrible price, leaving indelible scars on his psyche and a first-hand understanding of the horrors that can be unleashed when dark forces interfere with life and death.

The echoes of Theta Persei II's nightmarish campaign lingered in the corridors of Vincent Kaminski's mind, a haunting melody of war and the grotesque fusion of science and the supernatural. As a member of the UEAF Special Forces, Kaminski had navigated the treacherous landscapes of the Walking Deads project, an

abomination conceived by the clandestine Karotechia organization.

In the crucible of that unholy experiment, Kaminski confronted the horrors of reanimated corpses, resurrected through occult rituals and cutting-edge technology. The undead soldiers, a perverse manifestation of twisted science, painted the battlefield in shades of terror. The conflict against these abominations turned into a macabre dance of survival, and Kaminski emerged as one of the few witnesses to the grotesque amalgamation of life and death.

The victory over the undead was a pyrrhic one, etching scars on Kaminski's soul that ran as deep as the darkness he had faced. The battlefield, once a place of honor and duty, had transformed into a theater of the

absurd, where the boundaries between life and death blurred into a grotesque tapestry.

Now, as a key member of Operation Keystone on Helios, Kaminski approached the mission with a mix of quick-witted determination and haunted resilience. The alien landscapes mirrored the desolation of Theta Persei II, and Kaminski, with "BORN TO KILL" emblazoned on his helmet, recognized that the silent void of Helios held secrets that transcended the horrors he had faced before. The mission wasn't merely an assignment; it was a personal reckoning with the unknown, a chance for Kaminski to confront the lingering shadows of the Walking Deads project and, perhaps, find a semblance of closure amidst the alien mysteries of Helios.

APPENDIX C: HANDOUTS

INVESTIGATORS HANDOUT 1

Targets Profiles

Dr Maximillian Roe – Personnel File Summary:

Name:	Dr Maximillian Roe	
Age:	48	
Date of Birth:	April 17 2223	
Place of Birth:	Austria, European Federation, Earth	
Marital Status:	Unmarried. Family – 1 brother, lives in United Americas.	
Education:	Studied languages at Oxford	
Employment:	Lectured at Copernicus University, Mars for 8 years, during which time he published 2 papers on languages. Has worked for Cenargo Corporation for past 11 years. Previous assignment was Project Metaphrase, a joint project with Artificial Life Inc concerning development of it's AI translation software. Transferred from Cenargo's R&D unit at Oxford to Cenargo, Mars in January 2271.	
Other Notes:	Travelled Sol system extensively during 20s. Took 3 month leave of absence from work in July 2270 for 'nervous exhaustion'. Returned to work October 2270.	

Penny Walker – Personnel File Summary:

Name:	Penny Walker	
Age:	29	
Date of Birth:	August 11 2242	
Place of Birth:	UK, European Federation, Earth	
Marital Status:	Unmarried. Family – 3 sisters.	
Education:	Studied mathematics at Manchester University.	
Employment:	Has worked for Cenargo Corporation for past 4 years.	
Other Notes:	She has no family on Mars, as she came to work here 3 years ago from England, Earth.	

INVESTIGATORS HANDOUT 2

Dig Site Manifest

Name	Gender	Rank	Serial code
Helena Crow	female	Group Sergeant	#101265
Frederico Hernandez	male	Section Leader	#102004
Igor Zukov	male	Section Leader	#102197
Baines	male	Synthetic	#02-02-1A332300
Sherwin	male	Synthetic	#02-02-1A330100
Bryce	female	Synthetic	#02-02-1A338912

INVESTIGATORS HANDOUT 3

SAD Equipment

- 1x Encrypted military identification chip implant
- 1x set of CBA (Combat Body Armour)
- 1x HUD
- 1x polarized visor with night vision
- 1x Chronometer
- 1x GPS compass
- 1x Personal Communications System (PCS)
- 1x M31A on-board medical diagnostic suite
- 1x M29 Tactical Assault Rifle
- 1x M11P Automatic Pistol
- 1x Combat Harness
- 1x magazine 10mm APE
- 1x magazine 10mm SMART
- 1x Standard Medkit
- 1x M11 ammo magazine 10mm FMJ
- 6x rifle concussion grenades
- 1x Mark V Combat Knife
- 6x Black Hornet Nano drones

Black Hornet Nano drone

The Black Hornet Nano is a military micro unmanned aerial vehicle (UAV). This UAV is exceptionally compact, measuring around 10 × 2 cm, and weighs 12 g with its battery. It provides troops on the ground with local situational awareness.

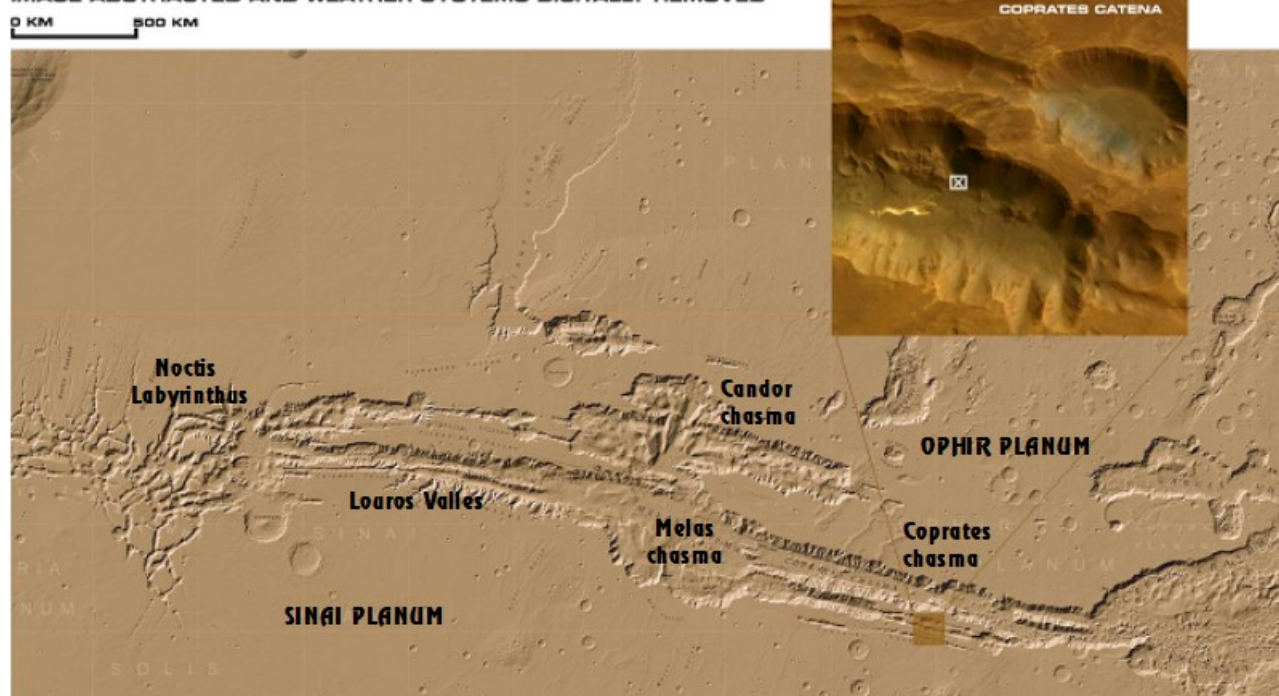
The Black Hornet is equipped with a camera that transmits both video and still images to the HUD of the operator. The UAV has three cameras: one facing forward, one pointing straight down, and another angled at 45 degrees downward. It also features night vision capabilities, incorporating long-wave infrared and day video sensors with a digital data-link range of 2 km.

The Black Hornet is recognized for its ability to blend in with the environment and its capability to fly quietly for 60 minutes.

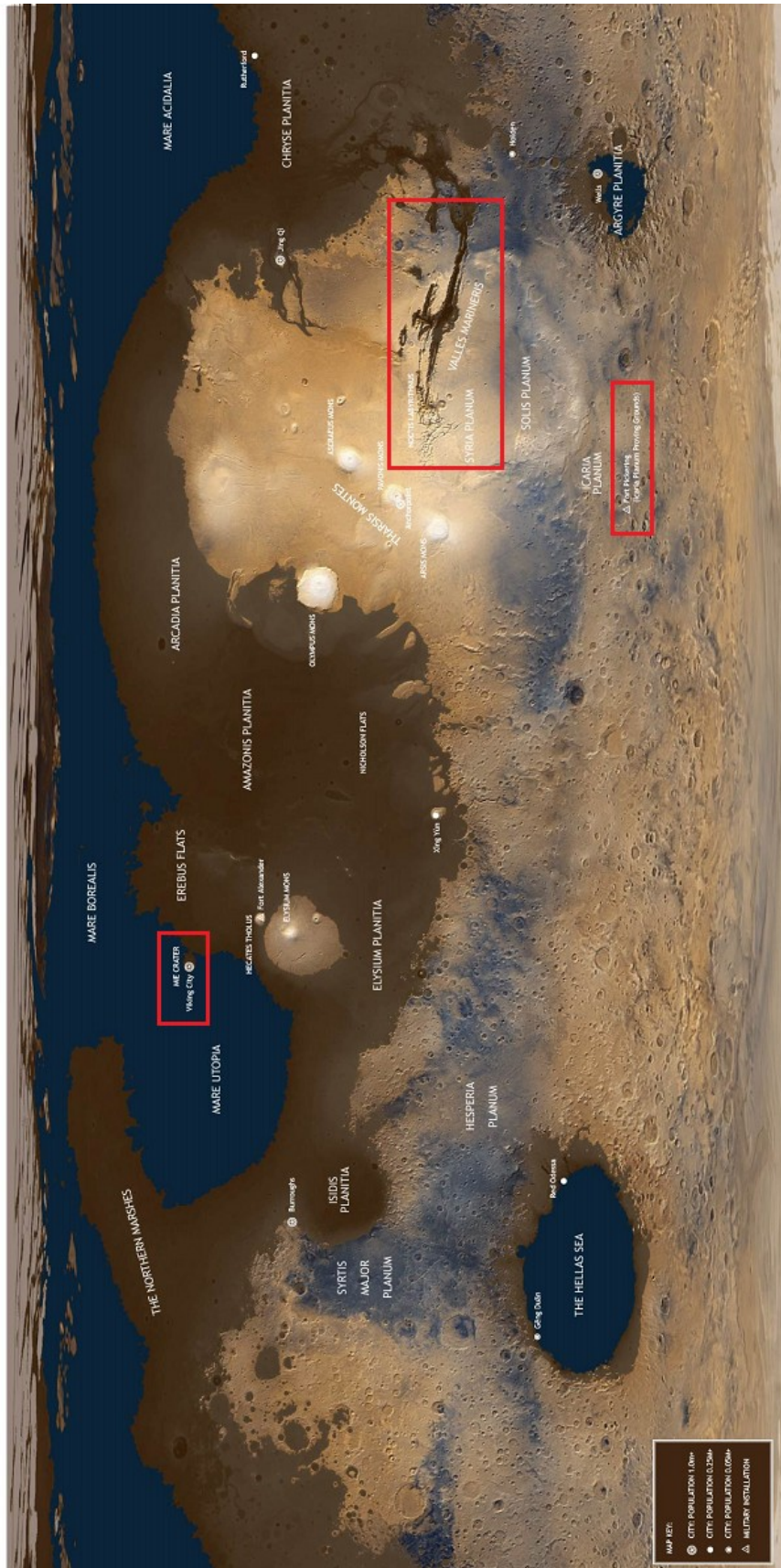
INVESTIGATORS HANDOUT 4

Dig Site Marked

CREATED BY MARSSAT HIGH RESOLUTION IMAGERY JUNE 2268
IMAGE ABSTRACTED AND WEATHER SYSTEMS DIGITALLY REMOVED

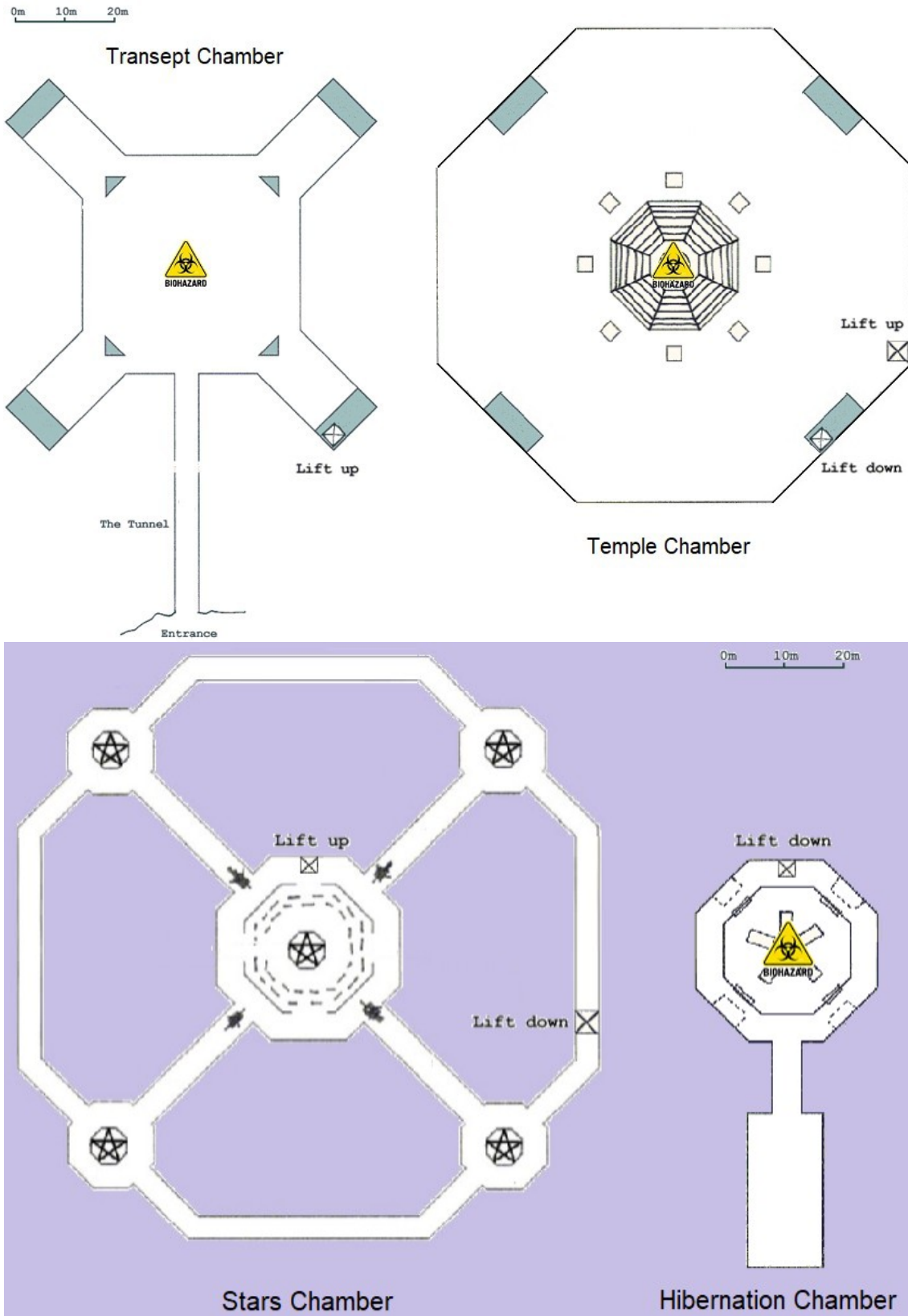


CREATED BY MARSSAT HIGH RESOLUTION IMAGERY JUNE 22/68
IMAGE ABSTRACTED AND WEATHER SYSTEMS DIGITALLY REMOVED

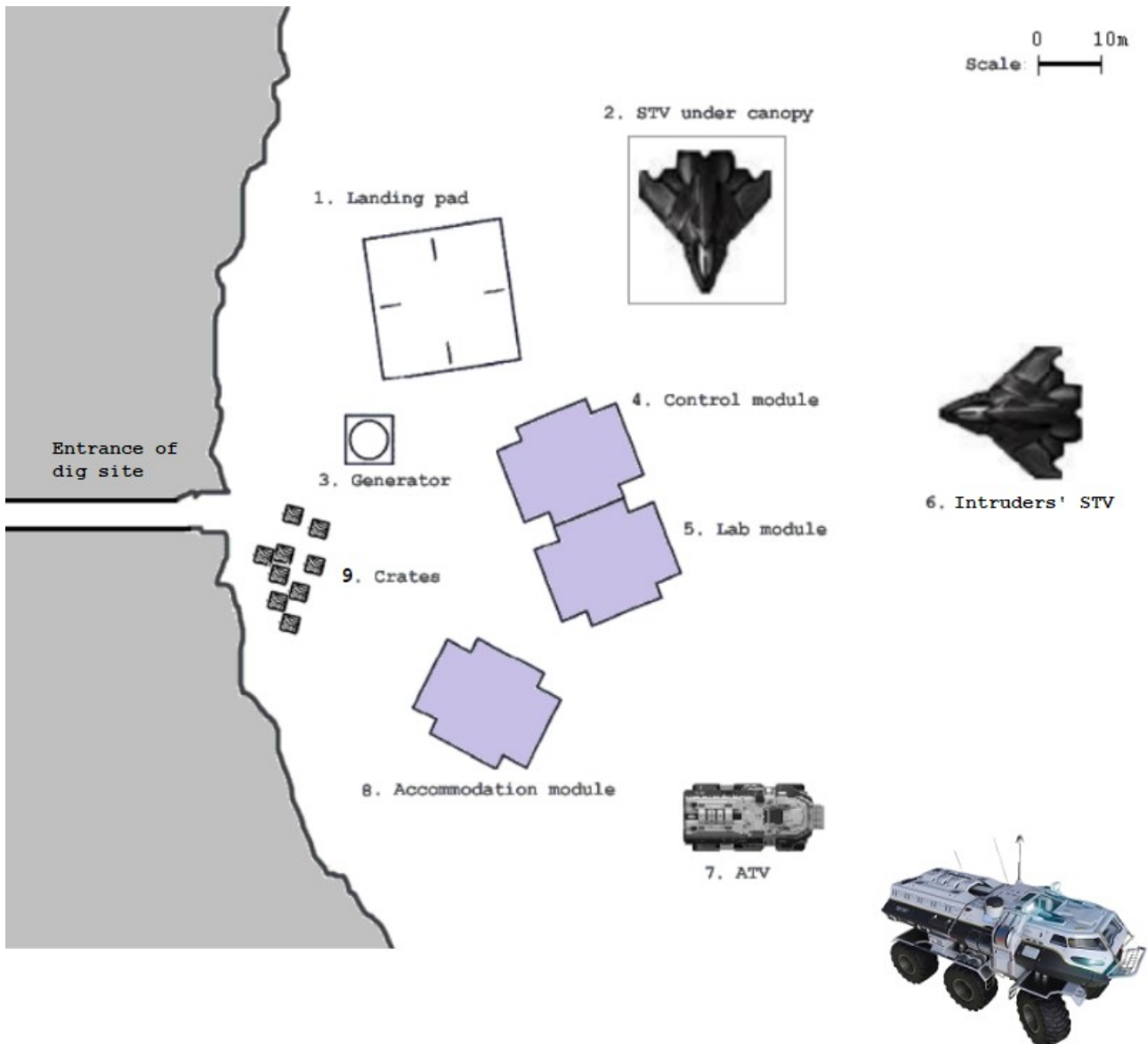


INVESTIGATORS HANDOUT 6

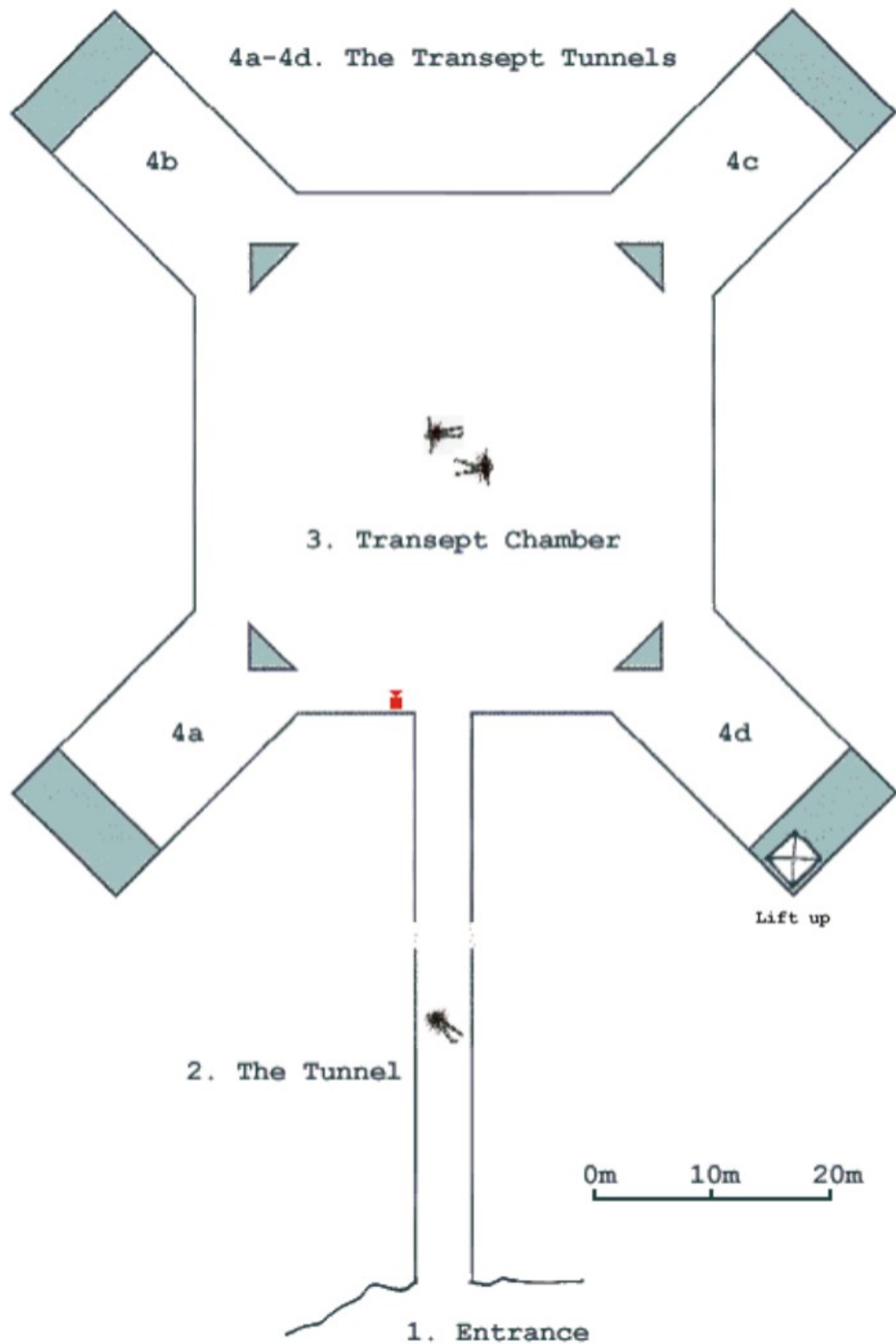
SAD Maps



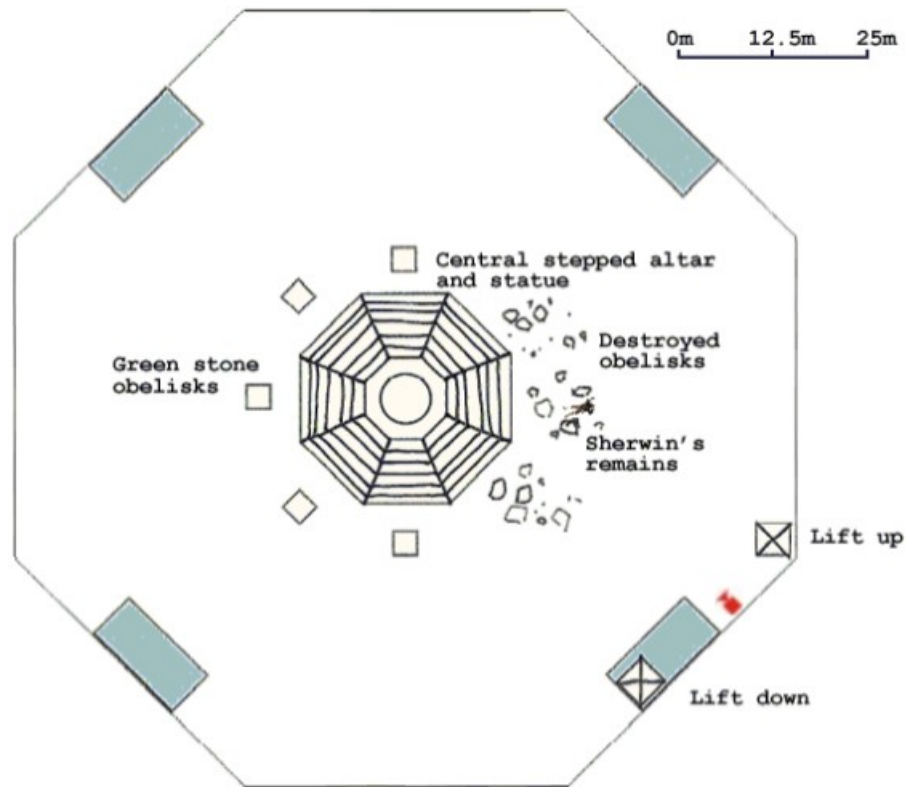
MAP 1: COPRATES CARTENA DIG SITE



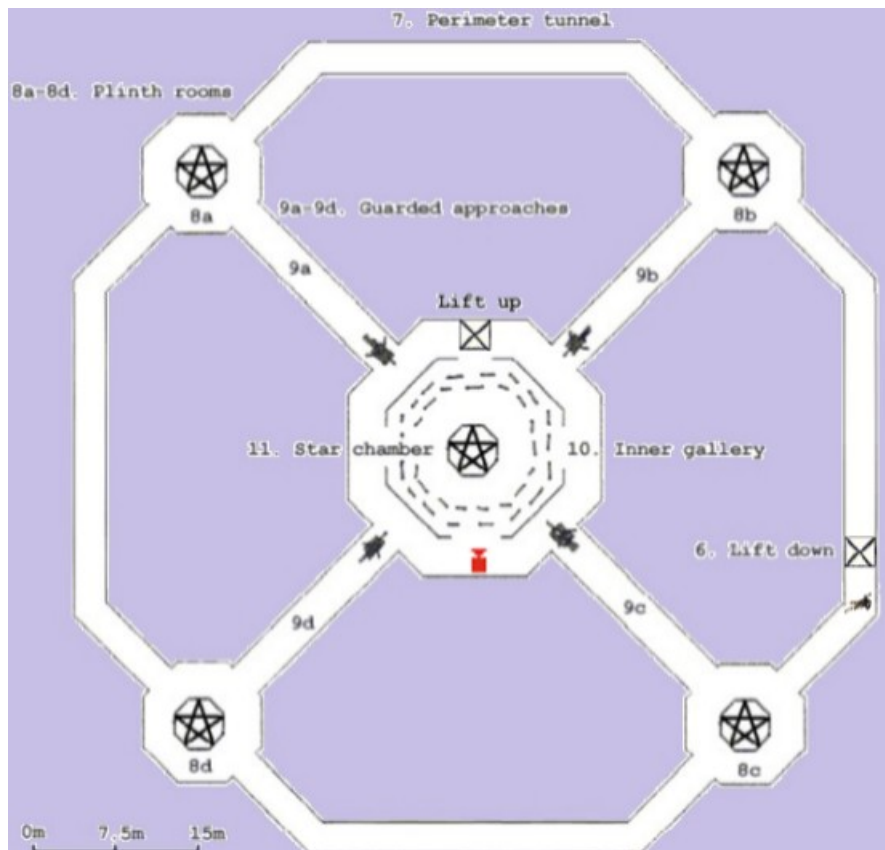
MAP 2: COPRATES CARTENA DIG SITE – TRANSEPT CHAMBER



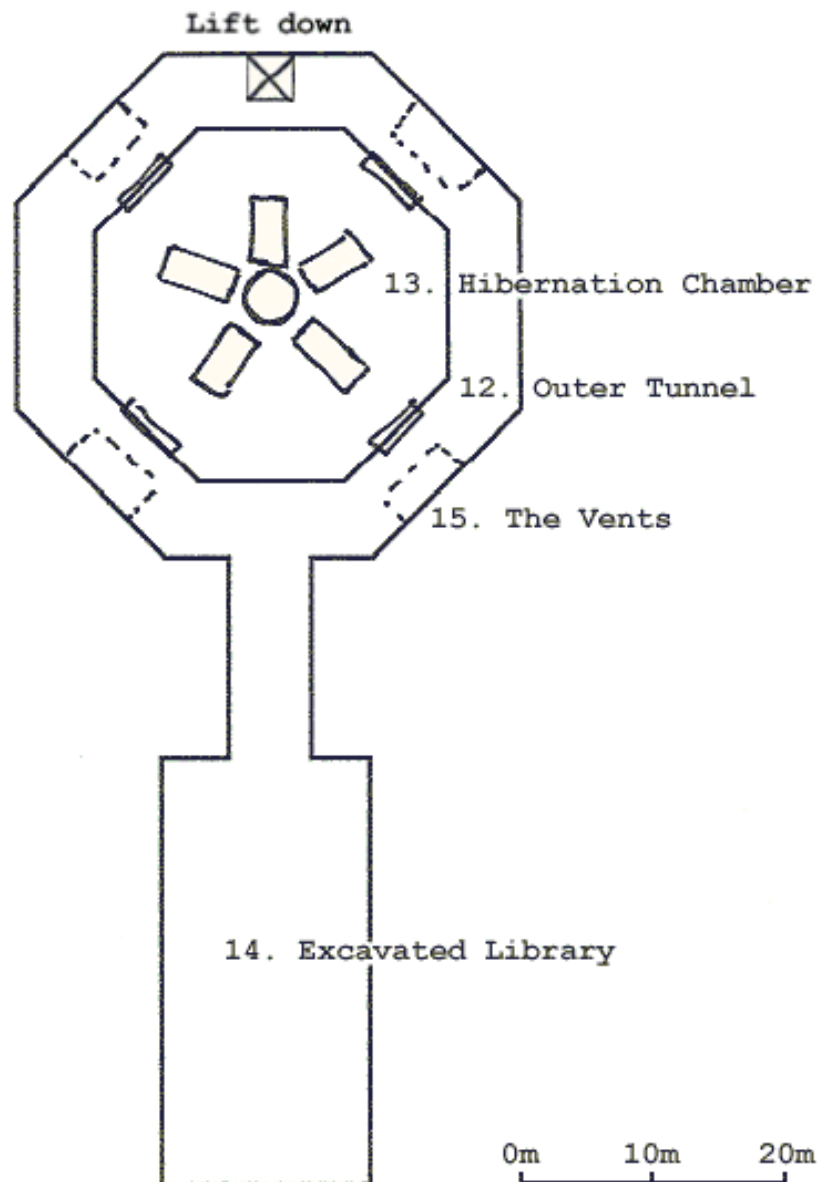
MAP 3: COPRATES CARTENA DIG SITE – TEMPLE CHAMBER



MAP 4: COPRATES CARTENA DIG SITE – STARS CHAMBER



MAP 5: COPRATES CARTENA DIG SITE – HIBERNATION CHAMBER



THE ARTEFACT

by Darken Wings

"The Artefact" is a New Horizon adventure designed for a team of five Special Actions Division (SAD) investigators. This narrative unfolds in the aftermath of the harrowing events chronicled in the previous introductory adventure, SW00 'Return to Coprates Cartena.' However, it can be run as a standalone piece, for both returning players and those embarking on their first mission.

This adventure begins 2 months after the events in SW00...

KEEPERS INFORMATION 1

Introduction

Fort Pickering, Icaria-planum, March 20, 2071, on Mars. The PCs are agents working for MiliSci's Special Activities Division, a covert branch of the UEF's BUREAU of INTELLIGENCE that deals with paranormal and extraterrestrial threats.

The SAD operates in secret, and the PCs are required to keep their involvement hidden from official government agencies and the public. They are individuals who have all encountered unnatural phenomena at least once in their lives and have been recruited because of their unique skills, experience, or knowledge.

The PCs have been brought together in the new MiliSci buildings, rebuilt on the foundations of the old center destroyed some fifteen years ago by a "failed experiment."

KEEPERS INFORMATION 2

Timeline

The following timeline should help Keepers get a handle on when events occurred prior to the adventure, and when events are scheduled to occur once the adventure begins:

Time:	Event:
150 million years ago	The Flying Polyps built the Artefact to worship Hastur.
136 million years ago	Hastur answers the Artefact's call and destroys all life on Helios, including its worshippers.
10 million years ago	An Engineers ship picks up the Artefact's signal and diverts to Helios III. The signal severely disrupts the ship's guidance system and it crashes near the artifact. The Xenomorphs in the cargo holds are accidentally released.

14 years ago	Colonial Sedition
11 years ago	The Ceasefire. A 1 parsec DMZ is established between ERC and UEF space.
6 years ago	A spy-probe detects a signal of inhuman origin in the Helios Star System.
5 years ago	A scientific colony is established on Helios III to study the Artefact.
6 months ago	Contact lost with the station.
Mission Time	The starship UEAF Oregon is sent to discover the loss of communication
MT + 95 days	The Oregon is ambushed as it enters the orbit of Helios III.
MT + 96 days	Kellerman takes PCs to the Derelict.
MT + 98 days	With the help of the PCs, Kellerman will attempt to activate the Artefact.

INVESTIGATORS INFORMATION 1

Mission Briefing

Read the following text to the players:

You find yourselves seated in the waiting room outside General Cole's office, the BRINT supreme officer in charge of policing the Demilitarized Zone between the UEF and the ERC. The room is appropriately plush, with a synthetic-leather couch and artwork adorning the walls. A flickering hologram of the UEAF flag adds a touch of official decor.

The secretary at the reception desk glances over at you, offering a polite smile. Glossy dark hair is piled atop a carefully made-up face, and LED-inlays dance on her fingernails. She had been watching a newscast on a wall-viewer, possibly something about elections for the Martian government.

A chime sounds, prompting the secretary to straighten her back. "The general will see you now. Please come this way," she says, leading you through to the conference chamber. Security drones flit about the group, conducting facial scans, body checks, and weapon scans before darting off elsewhere into the base.

The conference room doors slide open with a low hum. Two MP guards stand on either side of the entrance, armed with shock-rifles and dressed in light body armor. More soldiers appear, using a hand-scanner to search you. The secretary smiles politely, enduring the same routine.

"You can't be too sure," she remarks. "The ERC watches, after all." The secretary briskly retreats, and the doors close behind her. The general's room is dimly lit and cluttered. Four men sit at the end of a long dark-wood table, studying a hologram projected by a tabletop projector – a tri-dimensional graphic of a planet caught in the orbit of two menacing stars. After a few moments, the group looks up as one.

Cole is wearing a military smart-suit, with holo-medals displayed on the chest. As you move into a salute, standing at attention, he waves you down. "No formalities, troopers," Cole says, his voice gravelly. He gives a broad smile. "At ease. We've been expecting you. You've met Mr. Olsen already, I understand."

Olsen is one of the figures seated at the table, beaming a child-like smile with enthusiasm. The third and fourth men at the table are civilians. One of them is scanning a data-slate.

"I'm Mr. Jostin – a civilian adviser working with the current military operation. I've perused your files extensively. Involved in many operations out there so far, many of key tactical importance. You've been into the DMZ on two occasions, as I understand it."

"If they existed, of course," says the fourth man.

"This is my adviser, Mr. Evers," Cole says, indicating the speaker. "These two people are the representatives of an industrial corporation. Interested parties in the outcome of your next mission, shall we say."

Evers smiles now as well. His teeth are perfectly spaced and frighteningly white.

"We're all aware of your service records," Cole says, waving his hand dismissively at Evers and Jostin. "You'll be glad to know that we're not here to talk about that, anyway. I'm satisfied that your team is the right people for this job."

Cole points at the graphic on the holo-viewer. "Welcome to Operation Keystone. This is the Helios Star System. Eleven worlds orbiting two stars, one

of which is dying. Of interest to us is Helios III – the only planet within that system that harbors any form of life."

The holo-display shifts to show grainy deep-space survey images of the planet – great weather-beaten expanses, craggy mountains battered by constant winds, Death Valley on a grand scale. A vast angular structure juts from the desert, positioned atop one of the mountains, elevated above the desert. A ruin of some sort. The feed is poor quality and low-color, but the ruin appears to be a matte black, absorbing light.

"This is from a spy-probe. We've only managed to obtain a handful of images of the site, as the weather patterns on Helios III are so unpredictable."

"The visuals are less interesting than the audio," Cole goes on. "Whatever that thing is, it's broadcasting a signal of immense significance. The signal is repeated constantly and does not vary."

Jostin taps his data-slate. "We've heard it from several star systems away. A very strong signal. Something not human."

"This is a scientific find of immense consequence," Olsen said. "Something else in the universe. We are calling it the Artefact. From the limited evidence we have available, it appears that it is constructed from non-biological materials."

Jostin and Evers exchange smiles, pleased that the team is impressed with their findings. Cole gives a wry smile.

"Five years ago, we established an on-world facility. Manned with the best personnel we could muster. Assisted by corporate backing, a team of researchers was inserted into the field," Evers picks up, "with the mission statement of studying the Artefact. Led by Dr. Jarvis Kellerman, a renowned xeno-biologist with Alliance military approval. Dr. Kellerman was sent to Helios together with a small security staff and a research team. They were equipped with sufficient firepower to hold their position, but with the express intention of hiding from the ERC rather than engaging them. This all went very well for the first few years."

"They made decent progress with the site," Cole mutters. "Nothing concrete but good work nonetheless."

"You can review Kellerman's transmissions back to base if you think it necessary," Jostin said, although the tone of his voice suggests that this would be a waste of time. "We don't need to go into detail now."

"The station went dark six months ago," Cole replies. "The team was ordered to broadcast a

security signal every week to update Fort Pickering on their progress at the site."

Olsen clears his throat nervously. "Kellerman is – was – a fastidious researcher; he wouldn't go off the grid without a damned good reason."

A moment of awkward silence descends over the table. Jostin and Evers exchange guilty glances.

"Helios System is on the edge of the DMZ," Evers picks up. "But we've managed to conduct this operation for several years without being impeded by the ERC."

"A combat team has been arranged – all experienced special operations staff. The starship UEAF Oregon has been authorized for your use. Science Officer Olsen will be accompanying you during the deployment."

Olsen smiles weakly. "In case you require any scientific expertise, as a result of the presence of the Artefact."

"The mission objective will be limited," Cole said. "Go to the facility and ascertain the reason for the failure to report. In the event that there are survivors, provide assistance. If not, do what you do best: destroy the station and retreat to orbit. Easy job."

"Your orders are to avoid the Artefact, so far as possible," Jostin says quietly. "It can be studied later. More important to us is that any research conducted by Dr. Kellerman and his team does not fall into enemy hands."

He goes on: "You'll have the best tech we have at our disposal. The Oregon is a specially adapted cruiser. You'll make it back within a year, according to our calculations. And when you do, we'll talk serious shore-leave – for you and the rest of your team." He shuffles some papers in front of him, reading absently. "There will be something in this for everyone on your team. They'll all get what they want."

Jostin continues: "The Special Operations Group from inside the DMZ suggests that there are no significant ERC fleet dispositions in the immediate area of Helios System. Using a single low-profile cruiser like the Oregon, it is hoped that you can operate beneath the radar."

"Operation Keystone is very important to the Federation," Evers said. "We can't emphasize that enough. Your transport leaves tomorrow at twelve-hundred. Drop-bay sixteen."

He slides a mission-pack across the table. You take it and inspect the seal; biometrically locked, labeled with the words OPERATION KEYSTONE – EYES ONLY: RESTRICTED DOCUMENTS.

"You're dismissed," Cole adds, just to reinforce who is in charge here.

Give the players Investigators Handout #1 and #2.

INVESTIGATORS INFORMATION 2

What do the Investigators know

As members of MiliSci SAD, the PCs are aware to the existence of supernatural and extraterrestrial phenomena. This knowledge is tightly controlled, with MiliSci disclosing only the information deemed essential for their specific missions.

The particulars known to agents vary depending on their security clearance, expertise level, and the nature of their assignments. Here are key aspects of their awareness:

- **Supernatural Entities:** Agents understand the presence of supernatural entities, creatures, and forces that defy conventional understanding. These may encompass ancient mythological beings, extradimensional entities, or creatures from other planes of existence.
- **Artifacts and Objects:** Agents are informed about anomalous objects and artifacts possessing unusual properties. These items could be creations of ancient civilizations, extraterrestrial beings, or other supernatural forces.
- **Extraterrestrial Threats:** Agents receive briefings on the existence of extraterrestrial life forms and potential threats originating from beyond Earth.
- **Occult and Paranormal Phenomena:** Agents acknowledge the reality of occult rituals, paranormal phenomena, and mysterious occurrences.

Give the players Investigators Handout #3.

THE ADVENTURE 1

Time to wake up

After 91 days in cryosleep, the PCs are emerging from their capsules, each of us grappling with the bone-chilling cold that clung to us after the prolonged period of hypersleep.

A medical drone, its small frame equipped with a medisensor, moves on to inspect other sleepers as well as the SAD squad members banter and complain about the aches induced by hypersleep.

As the squad prepares for the mission ahead, Captain Atkins, already dressed in his dazzling blue Naval uniform, addresses the team. He explains with a grin:

"We will reach Helios III in less than 5 days. I like to set my capsule to thaw a day early. Gets me functional before the rest of you wake up. Hypersleep isn't so bad when you get used to it."

The mission has reached the DMZ inside the Helios asteroid field. The absence of reported enemy contacts brings a momentary relief. As ship captain, Atkins wants to brief all crew on the operation before the Oregon reaches Helios III in the briefing room in one hour.

Give the players Investigators Handout #4.



The Briefing

The briefing is behind the bridge, an auditorium-style room that seats four times the Oregon's current occupants. There's the SAD team, the ship's officers under Atkins, and Olsen's science team. In all, barely twenty people. At the back of the room is a three-dimensional screen, and mission documents are spread out on a table. Atkins moves on to the main part of the briefing.

Read the following text to the players:

"The mission is codenamed Keystone and is an insertion operation. The SAD will deploy to Helios via a landing craft and land at the station entrance. From there, they will carry out a preliminary reconnaissance of the facility and attempt to recover all surviving station personnel. We won't draw attention to ourselves. We'll hide in the asteroid belt. The station hasn't reported in twelve months, and there were no new broadcasts while we were underway. We operate here, beyond the Frontier, far from the UEF zone, without support or backing."

"Once the SAD has established whether the station is operational, we move on to the second stage of the mission. If there's a real reason why the station hasn't shown up – which seems less likely, based on what we've just learned – we'll offer whatever assistance we can. If the plant is no longer viable, we'll demolish it. It runs on a standard power generator, the same as that used on a civilian ship. A well-placed demolition charge will blow the whole thing up."

With the exception of Atkins and his closest associates, BRINT has hidden the rest from the crew. This is a strictly confidential operation.

Insight:

The ship's staff is made up of enthusiastic young faces, who follow their commander and the PCs on their obscure quest for knowledge. The naval officers, meanwhile, are positively alarmed by the news.

INVESTIGATORS INFORMATION 3

Dr. Kellerman's Transmission

After the briefing, the PCs will have four full days to prepare for their arrival in orbit around Helios III. They can use this time to study the documents given to them by General Cole. These are three video recordings.

Give the players handouts #5 to #7.

The third video is particularly grueling. Looking at this man – at Kellerman – something tells that he was not a victim. There is malevolence behind his eyes. Traveling into the DMZ, bringing this innocent crew out into the darkness of the ERC space – this feels so wrong, so very wrong.

SAN: 0/1

KEEPERS INFORMATION 3

Helios III

Helios III boasts an asteroid field nestled in close orbit. Navigating the Oregon through it requires delicate maneuvers to secure an optimal orbital position.

Since the ship entered orbit, communications have devolved into erratic patterns. The Artefact's signal, a relentless cascade of intensity, overshadows most planetary comms. Amid this symphony of interference, two short data bursts were directed at the station, yet silence lingered in response. The signal resembles pitched feedback, teetering on the brink of utter cacophony for one second, only to transform abruptly into a haunting melody. Initially, one might mistake it for the radioactive background noise emanating from local stars – Helios Primary or Secondary, or perhaps their distant cosmic kin. However, the noise is too regular, too cyclical, pricking at the back of the mind, reaching beyond the rational. It's something darker, piercing the veil of the subconscious.

Electronics Comms:

It is impossible to establish communication with the station. The onboard equipment isn't malfunctioning; there simply seems to be no one below to respond.

Listen:

As the Oregon maneuvers through the asteroid field, the ship's hull vibrates, and the distant hum of the engines blends with the dissonant echoes of the Artefact's signal.

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The sight of celestial bodies dancing in the void is juxtaposed with the unnerving audio backdrop. A metallic tang fills the air within the ship, a residue of the strained atmosphere as the Artefact's influence infiltrates even the confines of the vessel.

SAN: 0/1

KEEPERS INFORMATION 4

Ambush!

In this celestial ballet, the taste of anticipation hangs in the air, a blend of excitement and apprehension. The crew, navigating through the cosmic obstacle course, can almost touch the palpable tension that accompanies the unpredictable dance of the Artefact's signal.

Several thousand kilometers from the optimal orbital insertion point, the pitch of the radar returns suddenly becomes a shrill chirping. Every terminal on the bridge flashes with warnings. On the holo-display, something big and angry emerges from the asteroid belt – an ERC warship materializing out of the dark of space, battering aside debris as it moves into position.

The weapons crew assembles around the bridge, occupying dedicated pods toward the nose of the vessel. Without ceremony, each jacks into their weapons systems. Reports of the railgun, laser batteries, and plasma torpedo systems coming online are shouted across the chamber. With admirable calmness, Atkins shouts:

"All hands, prepare to engage. The ERC has found us."

Like most military vessels, the Oregon is equipped with null-shields: a projected energy field capable of dispersing incoming enemy fire. It works best on energy weapons but can counter other ballistics as well.

The ERC ship opens fire with a brief volley of star torpedoes. The Oregon's gravity well stutters, and the bridge shakes violently as impact after impact tears into the hull.

The ERC warship positions overhead, dominating the bridge viewport. The Oregon's laser batteries begin shooting, meeting incoming fire. With each pulse, the nova guns illuminate the scarred and battered underside of the enormous ship. Returning fire racks the Oregon, and it's inevitable that some shots would get through the null-shield.

The comms blare with traffic as maintenance reports damage across the ship. A crewman screams about a fire on the lower deck. It's impossible to ignore the smell of smoke in the air.

After 15 minutes of intense combat, facing the facts becomes inevitable. Although the enemy ship has suffered heavy damage, Captain Atkins has to order evacuation. The PCs now have two choices: join the nearest evacuation capsule or try to reach the dropship where all their equipment is stored.

In the first case, each character needs to pass a luck roll, while in the second case, they need to pass three luck rolls. For each Luck roll, the character suffers 1/1D6 points of damage due to violent shocks, metal splinters, flame projection, toxic fumes, or torn electrical cables.

Starship Battle or Data Analysis:

The hostile is Voroshilov. A modified Antares-class Assault starship. Last Naval engagement was nine years ago.

Idea Roll:

As the PCs descend into Helios III's gravity well, it becomes evident that the Oregon has fallen into a trap, and there is a spy in high places who was aware of the operation.

Give the players Investigators Handout #8.



THE ADVENTURE 2

Mayday, Mayday

Just after the PCs' transport disengages, the Oregon grazes Helios' atmosphere. Its back brakes. A tremendous explosion blooms from the bridge, filling the view-port with white light. Then, it just caves in on itself, breaking apart. Several components offer their own detonations. The ERC ships, although badly damaged, give no quarter and relentlessly fire on whatever escapes from the ship.

Then the view through the view-port changes. Helios spirals, so enormous that it fills the entire portal. The planet is rapidly approaching, the cloud cover rising to meet the PCs' dropship/escape pod. It is breaching Helios' atmosphere, drawn to Helios' gravity and plummeting comet-like through the sky.

On Helios' surface, the storm clouds eddy and churn around a single point of focus: the Artefact. So black that it absorbs the light from its surroundings. A perfect anchor to this madness. Everyone can hear its malevolent, dark signal, piercing the shroud of white noise.

SAN: 0/1

KEEPERS INFORMATION 5

The Rescue [Map 1]

If the PCs boarded the escape pod, it was programmed to land near the Helios base. But whatever means were used to evacuate Oregon, the barrage of fire from the ERC ship leaves the escapees with little chance. Their transport has been damaged, and arrival on the planet is more like a crash than a landing.

Still strapped in by the safety harness, the survivors come out of their slump and feel the tang of the alien atmosphere in their mouths. Gravity and atmosphere feel wrong.

Idea roll:

The PCs remained unconscious for almost 2 hours from the moment of ejection.

Every view-port had been shattered during the crash, and the entire structure yawed and creaked with the motion of the wind outside. The hull is still smoking in places, and it has settled in a blackened crater, surrounded by torched rocks and superheated sand.

The couple of techs who joined Olsen are no more than smears on the walls, thrown about so viciously during the landing. Olsen took a bad knock to the head, but he is alive. His smock was shredded at the front, and a huge egg-shaped lump had already formed on his temple.

Luck roll:

Each characters will suffer 1/1D6+1 points of damage.

A storm seethed. The wind is a roaring inferno, carrying sharp, angry sand. The landscape is a blurred orange-red, almost burnt. Huge sand dunes shift and lap like waves, topped by a deep red-brown sky. Through the intense wind, it is impossible to gain any sense of geography or scale: Helios just looks like endless, unforgiving desert. Bulbous, low-lying clouds fill the sky. Barely visible are two huge suns. They sit bloated on the horizon, just beginning to rise from their slumber. Dawn is coming.

Lightning streaks down from the pregnant clouds in angry red forks. The ground shakes violently as each clap sounded. The sky flashes again and again.

Spot:

In those brief seconds of illumination, figures can be seen out in the storm and are rapidly moving towards the wreckage.

Dark shapes cling to the outside of the wreck. A figure appears at one of the viewports, peering inside the module. Then another. Then finally, a silhouetted outline materializes at the door. The figure – a man with low-light goggles of some design, worn over a primitive and battered black – pauses and raises his rifle. He waves a hand and growls, using an archaic speaker-unit that distorts his voice into an angry buzz.

"I am Security Officer Deacon of Helios Station. We saw you come down. Care to tell me what in the seven shades of Hades is happening out here?"

He wears an embroidered badge on the shoulder of his bodysuit. It shows a yellow planet, circled by two stars. Under the emblem, it reads HELIOS EXPEDITION. Beneath that is sewn a small UEF flag.

Once the introductions have been made, Deacon tells them not to hang around and invites the team to follow him. Deacon turns back to the squad, looking them up and down. Black dust lines his already weathered face, and there is deep suspicion in his eyes.

Insight:

He doesn't want the PCs here. His team is cut off on Helios, without any support from the rest of the Federation, and yet this is their welcome? It didn't make sense.

Then he turns back to his rag-tag security team and begins giving orders. The men, still buttoned up, start stripping out everything that wasn't bolted down, and much of it that was. They present as experienced scavengers, systematic and fast. The security team proceeds onto the module to acquire surgical equipment, although their primary focus appears to be the boxed foodstuffs and ship rations. Once that task is completed, they turn their attention to unloading the armory. Notably, they exhibit a capacity for carrying and dragging more than their numbers suggest, and they work with a resolute efficiency.

Insight or Idea roll:

Upon closer observation, it becomes apparent – they are motivated by fear. A fear of being stranded in this location or encountering Xenos.



Fifty meters away from the crash are two large land vehicles half concealed by a sand dune. Even with running lights on, they are barely visible until the PCs are on top of them. The lead sand-crawler has a massive weathered chassis and three pairs of enormous wheels, set on an adapted suspension bed for cross-country use. They are strictly civilian-issue models. The vehicle engines are still running, sending out thick black plumes of smoke from chemical-burner engines.

Idea roll:

These were the sort of vehicles used on colonial outposts throughout Federation space – ubiquitous, sometimes dependable, always cheap. These are not

only civilian transports, but they are old and badly maintained.

KEEPERS INFORMATION 6

Welcome to Helios Station

The station, originally home to 2032 personnel, is encased by a low yet robust security wall displaying remnants of the Helios Expedition and UEF flags, both now tattered and nearly unrecognizable. Beneath the fading emblems, the name "HELIOS STATION" is inscribed on the wall; however, the letters I, O, and S have been conspicuously painted over, rendering the name as HEL STATION. The description eerily captures the station's state of decay.

The architecture of the buildings and the overall base exudes a sense of functional pragmatism. It's evident that the station is assembled from orbit, with each building likely originating as a module from a settler-class starship. This method, involving disassembly and orbital deployment, is deemed the safest option given the challenging conditions during the station's establishment.

The crawler grinds to a halt within an expansive hangar bay (See Keepers Information #9 – 'the Main Hangar'). Stepping out, the PCs are met by a woman named Jenna Tyler, the base's operations technician. Accompanied by two other technicians who exhibit clear curiosity, Tyler extends a greeting.

Deacon informs them that Dr. Kellerman wishes to meet and directs the group to his office. However, due to time constraints, the exchange with the staff remains limited to a few friendly greetings.

If any squad members were injured during the evacuation from Oregon or during the crash (which seems more than likely), Deacon will first take them to the infirmary on Kellerman's orders. They'll be taken care of and given first aid (See Keepers Information #9 – 'the Infirmary'). The PCs will of course be unloaded for treatment. Their armor and weapons will be stored in the armory for security reasons.

Insight:

Despite Tyler's apparent indifference, a keen observer might notice her insistent gaze on the SAD leader. It becomes evident that her aloof exterior is a mere facade, concealing an unspoken depth. She appears to have much to communicate.

Spot:

En route to Kellerman's office, the PCs observe a scarcity of personnel. The eerily deserted atmosphere, coupled with the dilapidated state of the structures, intensifies the perception of an abandoned base. The question is: what happened to the staff?

KEEPERS INFORMATION 7

Meeting with Kellerman

A contingent of security personnel will escort the PCs. Deacon will usher them into Kellerman's sprawling quarters and station himself by the door, motionless. He has kept his firearm slung over his shoulder and gives a curt nod toward a second office door. With his worn features and sand-carpeted skin, he looks like a golem created by the desert.

The second door opens, and a small, wizened figure glides into view. Kellerman is lean and chiseled, every bit as downtrodden as the rest of the outpost. Balding, his head and face pocked by dark patches – probably radiation spots caused by long-term exposure to Helios. He wears a deep cobalt jumpsuit, with his identification badge and the Helios Station logo embroidered on the shoulders. He looks even worse than he did on the tri-D recordings. His eyes hold the team: brilliant blue-steel, full of determination.

Insight:

Kellerman's eyes gleam with the intensity of a fanatic.

The hover-chair in which he is encapsulated emits an electric hum as it goes, and he sits in it awkwardly – leaning forward as though urging the device onwards.

"I am Doctor Jarvis Kellerman. Welcome to Helios Station."

The leather of the chairs crunches as the PCs seat. The room has three large, vaulted windows that give a panoramic view over the desert. Right now, the sky looks a murky pink-red.

Kellerman trundles into the chamber, hovering over to his desk. He awkwardly reverses himself into position behind it.

"Damned chair, always getting in the way. My apologies for keeping you waiting, Captain. There is so much to do and so little time in which to do it. My body is not what it was."

If asked about the communications satellite, he will say:

"I suppose that Command doesn't want to lose sight of a significant investment. There is, after all, still a war going on. It might not be the hot war that we fought ten years ago, but it is just as important, even with the ceasefire. You will have access to Operations. I'm a man of my word, Captain. I suppose that you deserve some sort of explanation. The Xenomorphs have developed an interest in our radio communications. By sending a regular broadcast, we were almost beckoning them to our position. We found that when we refrained from broadcasting, the frequency of Xenos raiding parties decreased significantly. Helios is a harsh mistress, the Xenos are everywhere. The station has suffered a series of debilitating attacks, and I have lost many personnel. I take the responsibility for the care of my staff very seriously."

If asked about the rest of his staff, he will shake his head and answer with no point indulging in niceties:

"That isn't important. None of that is important. The site – the Artefact – that is what matters now. It really must be seen to be believed. I can explain my failure to report to Command. It doesn't matter anymore. I just want to protect my people."

Kellerman then retrieves a battered data-slate from a nearby table. He calls up some biological diagrams and slides it across the desk to the PCs. The slate shows intensive and comprehensive examinations of Xenos specimens, complete with annotations.

"Certain radio waves – certain broadcast spectrums – actively interfere with the brain functions of the Xenomorphs. This is likely how the leader-forms exert their will over the lesser xeno-forms, the so-called primary-forms and secondary-forms."

Insight:

He is excited now, in full flow; gone is the emotionless veneer.

If asked how he discovered this, he will reply:

"As a result of the Artefact. By just listening to the broadcast and observing how the Artefact affects the Xeno population of Helios."

Idea roll:

The documents don't seem to prove anything like what Kellerman was proposing. Much of his evidence looks like the jumbled rantings of a madman rather than reasoned conclusions.

If the PCs insist on access to Operations, Kellerman will say:

"And as I have said, you shall have it. But there is time for that. Our satellite will not be in an optimum position for communication until tomorrow afternoon, at the earliest. It takes an inordinate amount of power to activate Helios Station's radio antenna. I would prefer that you do so when the chances of making contact with the satellite are best. I am sure that you understand."

Kellerman ends the conversation by telling them there is something that he would like to show them – so that they can take an aspect of his findings back to Command, so that they can tell them how important his research really is. Tomorrow morning, they are going on an expedition into the desert. They will take a crawler. The PCs don't have to worry; he won't bring them to the Artefact (it is unreachable due to the massive presence of Xenomorphs). Until then, they are free to move about the station as they please.

The squad can take one of the vacant habitation units. There are plenty to go around. Security escorts the PCs to an abandoned habitation through a series of covered walkways – the wind battering against cheap polytunnel walls.

See Keepers Information #9, Living Quarters – M5.

KEEPERS INFORMATION 8

The Missing Personnel

If the PCs attempt to contact Tyler for information, she adopts a cautious demeanor, seemingly ignoring them. However, she discreetly slips them a message, urging a rendezvous at 10 pm in the M11 module area.

Should the PCs accept her invitation, Tyler waits for no more than 10 minutes. Upon meeting, she anxiously asks if anyone followed them before initiating the conversation. Pacing nervously, she steals glances at the PCs, evaluating their reactions.



When questioned about the station's cessation of reporting, she responds:

"Kellerman just decided one day that we had to stop transmitting. It was entirely his decision. Whatever this planet is, whatever the Artefact and that alien ship are here for: we're messing with something that none of us understands, him least of all."

Asked about the missing personnel, Tyler reveals:

"Dr. Kellerman initiated sand-crawler runs directly into the Artefact. They began as automated operations – just gunbots or security-eyes on crawlers. None of them got anywhere near the Artefact. If you've seen it from space, you'll know that it's surrounded by fish heads."

Tyler bites her lip, eyes growing distant, as if she were remembering something too painful to properly focus on.

"You've never seen so many of them. The Xenos stretch the desert floor like particles of sand. Drones, Stalkers, Soldiers – all of them driven insane by the Artefact."

"He began to use manned sand-crawlers. Wanted to see how close he could get to the Artefact. Every time a team went out, they would be ordered to get a little closer. Every time they got closer, they would have to fight more and more Xenos."

"The Artefact doesn't just send the Xenos mad. Staff started losing it. Not everyone is affected. Some get hit by the signal worse than others. For many, it starts and stops with insomnia. For others, the signal means madness. There have been over a hundred suicides on this station. Probably more."

NEW HORIZON, scenario pack SW1.0

Add to that the accidents and the unexplained disappearances."

When asked about the Artefact, she discloses:

"Kellerman told me that it was a beacon, that it can transmit a signal across the DMZ. The alien ship might be a genuine breakthrough. If the effect on the Xenos is as Kellerman predicts, then whoever controls the Artefact will have a planet-killer: an instant red button."

In response to queries about accessing the Artefact, Tyler explains:

"Under the Artefact, the planet is a honeycomb of tunnels. The tunnels are big enough to drive a sand-crawler through, and they gave Kellerman an idea. He ordered teams into the tunnels, to approach the Artefact from underneath. Sara was on one of the teams. She went into the tunnels willingly. She wanted to go; wanted to do this thing for him."

"She found nothing. The nearer you get to the Artefact, the more powerful its song becomes. We traced her progress via a beacon on the sand-crawler, but we lost radio contact with her unit before they actually made it to the Artefact. By then, everyone on her team had gone mad. I – I stopped listening to their transmission."

Tyler shakes with rage and grief. She won't let herself cry. She just stands, looking at the PCs with big, red-rimmed eyes.

"Eventually, the sand-crawler ops stopped because Kellerman ran out of bodies."

She concludes.

KEEPERS INFORMATION 9

The Station [Map 2]

Some of the structures are equipped with security eyes – glossy-black globes suspended from cables above, adding a surveillance layer to the utilitarian environment (mark  on the map).

1. The Entrance

The perimeter is enclosed by a high-security fence constructed from reinforced composite alloys. The fence stands tall, often topped with razor wire or anti-climb barriers to deter intruders. The entire length of the fence is illuminated by a series of powerful, strategically positioned lights. These lights provide clear visibility along the perimeter, discouraging any unauthorized individuals from attempting to breach the fence under the cover of darkness. Surveillance cameras are installed at regular intervals along the fence line, covering blind spots and providing continuous monitoring. These cameras use advanced technologies

such as night vision, thermal imaging, and motion detection to identify and track potential intruders.

Within 100 meters of the weathered wall, perimeter-mounted laser batteries activate, tracking the approaching crawler. Strangely, despite this defensive measure, the base lacks air defense capabilities.



Eight guards are always on hand to monitor entry and exit. When the Sand-Crawler enters the base, it stops under the gantry as the doors close. Powerful spotlights illuminate it as 2 teams of 4x soldiers position themselves on either side of the vehicle high above the docks. A robot is then sent to scan the Crawler's underside.

These fucking xenos are so good at hiding, you can't imagine.

comments Deacon.

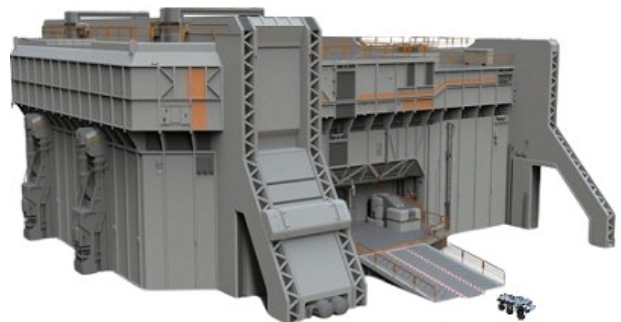
Occupants:

8x Standard Guards.

2. The Main Hangar

The crawler halts within a vast hangar bay, densely packed with an assortment of work vehicles ranging from fusion-borers and additional crawlers to drilling machines. The array of heavy earth-moving equipment and transport vehicles suggests a practical and utilitarian approach, emphasizing their inability to be replicated on-world.

In the hangar, a colossal fusion drill can be seen – a tracked vehicle resembling a caterpillar but distinguished by an enormous drill at the front. Although covered with a layer of Helios sand, the heating elements – formidable industrial lasers capable of penetrating the densest rock – have been meticulously cleaned. These impressive machines testify to the station's commitment to resource extraction and excavation activities, underlining the challenges posed by Helios' hostile environment.



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Spot:

A closer look reveals that the drills haven't been used for a long time and that the equipment in the hangar doesn't seem to be well maintained.

Occupants:

13x Standard Technicians.

3. The Power Station

At the center of the outpost stands the power station, housing the crucial generator and main power supply. The central control room, a nerve center within the power station, is dominated by a wall of outdated control panels and antiquated displays. Ancient computers blink with archaic green lights, their functionality a testament to the station's age. The room is manned by a skeleton crew, their faces illuminated by the eerie glow of the control panels as they monitor the fluctuating power levels.



In this power station, where every pulse of energy is a lifeline, the contrast between the harsh, utilitarian machinery and the desolation of the planet itself is a stark reminder of the fragile balance that sustains existence on Helios III.

Occupants:

4x Standard Technicians.

4. The Operations center [Map 3]

Adjacent to the Power Station is the Operations center, a towering structure representing the heartbeat of the station. Here, the staff relies on limited means to establish contact with the rest of humanity, facilitated by a communication and meteorological satellite orbiting Helios.



Ground floor:

- **Airlock:** Along the length of the airlock, some forty lockers are arranged on either side to store the H-suits.
- **Supply Depot:** The Supply Depot is a maze of crates and containers, many of which are cracked or broken, their contents spilling onto the floor. Dusty labels barely cling to the corroded metal, revealing faded markings of supplies long past their expiration dates. The air is thick with the smell of decay, a testament to the neglect that pervades the station.
- **Armory:** Upon approaching the armory, one is immediately aware of its fortified nature. The heavy blast doors, secured with a keycard system, underscore the high-security measures in place. Only the two armorers have access to the armory.

Rows of weapon racks line the reinforced walls, each specifically designated for different types of firearms. The primary weapons, such as the ACR rifles, are prominently stored in easily accessible yet securely locked racks. Shotguns have their own section, ready for close-quarters combat scenarios. Pistols are stored in lockable drawers or smaller racks, while a dedicated, reinforced cabinet houses a variety of explosives and grenades. The armory also includes shelves and lockers for body armor, helmets, and other personal protective equipment.

A portion of the armory is dedicated to the maintenance and care of the weapons.

Deacon is the only one with the keycard to open the armored door from the outside. The door is always locked manually from the inside by the armorers.

The armory houses a vast array of weaponry and equipment:

- **Automatic Combat Rifles (ACR):** The primary weapon for the security staff, these

are stored in multiple racks, each rifle accompanied by its magazine of 30 rounds.

- **Tactical Shotguns (MK221):** Positioned in a separate section, these weapons are ready for close-quarters combat scenarios.
- **Automatic Pistols (VP78):** Pistols and their holsters are stored in lockable drawers or smaller racks.
- **Explosives and Grenades:** A dedicated, reinforced cabinet houses grenades, mines, and other explosive devices.
- **Armor and Tactical Gear:** Shelves and lockers store body armor, helmets, and other personal protective equipment, as well as tactical gear like night vision goggles and motion trackers.
- **Specialized Equipment:** Flame units, incinerators, and cutting tools are also available, stored in designated areas for quick access.

Occupants:

2x Standard Guards

- **Infirmary:** The infirmary occupies a large, rectangular place, offering ample space for both patients and medical staff to move freely. It is separated from the rest of the hall by semi-transparent plastic tarpaulins suspended by steel cables. The walls are lined with portable medical equipment and supplies, neatly arranged on shelves and in cabinets. The room is brightly lit with overhead fluorescent lights, aiming to create a sterile and welcoming environment.

Spot:

This place is a field infirmary set up in a specially equipped room designed to provide immediate care in critical situations.

Medecine:

The nursing staff look like PMCs seasoned in first aid. Despite the advanced equipment and well-organized layout, the amateurism of the nursing staff is evident, creating a stark contrast between the facility's potential and its actual operation.

Barracks:

- **Living Quarters:** The Living Quarters are cramped and claustrophobic, with peeling paint and water stains marring the walls. Bunk beds sag under the weight of weary bodies, their mattresses thin and threadbare. The faint sound of dripping water echoes through the room, a constant reminder of the station's deteriorating infrastructure.
- **Recreation Area:** The Recreation Area is a shadow of its former self, with broken game tables and malfunctioning holoscreens littering the space. Flickering lights cast eerie shadows across the room, amplifying the sense of abandonment. A few crew members huddle

together, their faces drawn with exhaustion as they seek solace in each other's company.

Occupants:

2x/6x Standard Guards

- **Sanitary Facilities:** showers and WC.

- **Conference Room:** The Conference Room is dimly lit, the once-polished surfaces now dulled with grime and neglect. The holotable flickers intermittently, casting erratic shadows across the walls. The chairs are worn and frayed, their upholstery faded from years of use and exposure to the harsh environment of the station.

Command:

- **Computer room:** The overall atmosphere of the room is one of quiet efficiency. The low hum of electronics and cooling systems provides a steady background noise, emphasizing the seamless operation and control provided by the MU/TH/UR 8000 computer. This environment reflects the importance of Mother in the broader system it serves, ensuring reliable and precise management of complex tasks.

The room is relatively small, emphasizing security and functionality. Its smooth metallic walls, illuminated by soft, ambient lighting, create a sleek atmosphere while minimizing glare and shadows. The flooring consists of anti-static tiles, which prevent any electrical discharge that could interfere with the computer's operations.

Security is a top priority in the MU/TH/UR computer room. Entry is strictly controlled via biometric scanners and keycards ensuring that only authorized personnel have access. High-resolution surveillance cameras monitor the room, ensuring that security protocols are followed at all times.

Currently, only Kellerman can access this sanctuary, and he's also the only one whose authority Mother recognizes.

- **UPS:** The room is equipped with an uninterruptible power supply (UPS) system to provide continuous power in case of outages, supplemented by backup generators. Advanced liquid cooling systems, in addition to traditional air cooling, manage the heat generated by the high-performance processors, ensuring the system remains operational and efficient.
- **Environmental control:** Maintaining optimal environmental conditions is paramount, with advanced climate control systems ensuring a constant temperature and humidity level. The air is kept free from dust and contaminants by high-efficiency particulate air (HEPA) filters, protecting the sensitive equipment within.

Ops:

- **Command Center:** The dimly lit room is punctuated by the soft glow of monitors displaying footage from surveillance cameras scattered throughout the colony. The techs' weary eyes dart across the screens, scanning for any signs of activity or potential threats. Each flicker of movement is scrutinized, every shadow analyzed for potential significance.

Under Kellerman's watchful gaze, the techs meticulously survey every corner of the colony, their fingers dancing over the controls with a mix of apprehension and resignation. They know that any lapse in vigilance could have dire consequences, both for themselves and for the fragile ecosystem of Helios Station.

Despite their best efforts to remain inconspicuous, the weight of their responsibilities hangs heavily upon them. The constant monitoring of their fellow inhabitants breeds a sense of paranoia, their every action scrutinized by unseen eyes. In this environment of perpetual surveillance, trust is a scarce commodity, and the techs navigate their duties with a wary sense of unease.

The techs, hunched over outdated consoles, frantically manage the communications satellite, their faces etched with worry and fatigue. They operate under strict orders from Kellerman, their trembling fingers hesitant to deviate from his commands. The room is tense, the air heavy with apprehension as they anxiously await further directives.

Their fear of retribution is palpable; they dare not open communication channels without Kellerman's explicit approval. Even the slightest deviation from protocol could result in severe consequences. Some steal nervous glances at the surveillance cameras, acutely aware of the ever-watchful eye of their superiors.

Intimidation:

If the PCs resort to desperate measures, brandishing weapons and pressing them against their temples, the techs' compliance becomes a matter of survival. In the face of such coercion, their allegiance to Kellerman wavers, and they reluctantly concede to the PCs' demands, their hands trembling as they reluctantly initiate communication channels under duress.

Occupants:

5x Standard Technicians

- **Recreation Area:** One end of the room once featured a comfortable lounge area, where plush seating and low tables invited the staff to sit back and relax. Now, the seats are covered in a thin layer of dust, the cushions slightly sunken from disuse. A large viewscreen dominates this space, but it's often dark and lifeless, its surface marred by small cracks and

smudges. The selection of movies that once provided entertainment and a connection to familiar forms of leisure have long been abandoned, the screens frozen on static or blank with the eerie hum of lost signals. The sense of normalcy that this area once offered has faded, leaving a ghostly echo of what used to be a bustling hub of relaxation, now steeped in quiet desolation.

- **Bathroom**

Administration:

- **Hall:** Three guards are permanently stationed on this floor, filtering staff comings and goings. If you want to speak to Kellerman or Daecon, you have to go through them.

Occupants:

3x Standard Guards

- **Deacon's Office:** Deacon's Office exudes an air of rugged efficiency, reflective of its occupant's no-nonsense demeanor. The space is sparsely furnished, dominated by a large metal desk cluttered with various firearms (1x M41 Sub Machine Gun, 1x M74A1 Shock Rifle, 1x M36 Riot Gun and 4x Concussion grenades) and ammunition scattered haphazardly across its surface.

The walls are adorned with framed photographs depicting scenes of conflict and chaos, the remnants of Deacon's enigmatic past as a mercenary. Uniformed figures are locked in fierce combat, their faces obscured by dust and smoke, rendering their identities indiscernible. These images serve as a chilling reminder of Deacon's propensity for violence, a trait that has undoubtedly earned him respect – and fear – among the station's inhabitants.

A state-of-the-art computer terminal occupies a corner of the room, its sleek design a stark contrast to the rugged surroundings.

Spot:

A hidden compartment in the desk reveals an additional weapon (a IMI-V Desert Eagle pistol), accessible to Deacon at any time.

Spot:

The keycard giving access to the armory is stuck under the computer keyboard with adhesive tape.

Computer Security:

Accessing files would require a difficult skill roll. Here, encrypted files (very hard computer security roll to decipher) containing sensitive transmissions from the ERC are meticulously cataloged and stored, providing insight into Deacon's clandestine activities as a double agent.

Adjacent to the office is a small sleeping quarters, Spartan in its furnishings and devoid

of personal effects. The absence of personal photographs or mementos lends an air of anonymity to the space, further shrouding Deacon's true identity in mystery. It is here, amidst the shadows and silence, that Deacon retreats to rest his weary body, always vigilant, always prepared for the next inevitable confrontation.

- **Kellerman's Office:** Kellerman's quarters, arguably the most spacious on Helios Station, could easily be mistaken for a residence on any of the Core Worlds. A commanding presence within the room is an old oak desk, occupying a significant portion of one wall and surrounded by plush, upholstered leather chairs. The presence of real wood in an outpost so distant from UEF space raises eyebrows, emphasizing the significant cost implications associated with such opulence.

Adding to the vintage ambiance are antique electric lamps seamlessly embedded in the walls and ceiling. Alcoves scattered throughout the room are cluttered with stacks of paperwork and data-slates, bearing witness to the station's administrative demands. The walls are adorned with holographic plates and aerial photographs showcasing Helios' surface, with a notable focus on the Artefact. Strikingly, the images are consistently slightly skewed or out of focus, lending an eerie quality to the atmosphere.

The remainder of the room adheres to the same vintage aesthetic. Behind the desk, a curated series of photo frames proudly display bleached, ancient pictures featuring the current and former presidents of the UEF. Among them is a hopelessly dated photo of President Underwood, offering a nostalgic glimpse into the political history of the United Earth Federation.

On the left side of the desk sits a 35" curved ultra-wide display. The screen is completely black, but the computer works perfectly.

A door at the far end of the room leads to Kellerman's private apartments. These are as spacious and luxurious as his office. The toilet and bathroom have been adapted for a disabled person.

Spot:

The keycard giving access to the computer room is hidden behind the photo of president Underwood.

Computer Security:

Kellerman's work and research are accessible via the network to the station's laboratory data server (see: 6. The Laboratory).

Computer Operation:

The screen shows a view of a camera, but the camera is plunged into darkness, hence the black screen (see: 8. The Silo – laboratory).

Idea roll:

By changing the spectrum, it is possible to obtain an image. The IR appears to show empty cages. But by scanning the spectrum in the invisible radiation, the adventurer may discover that some cages contain Xenomorph-like shapes!

SAN: 0/1

5. Habitation Modules

Habitation modules line the outpost's perimeter, providing shelter against the harsh environment.

Glow-globes embedded in the walls cast an eerie illumination, guiding the PCs path through a labyrinthine junction. The air is thick with unsettling stillness, interrupted only by the distant hum of malfunctioning machinery. Cables and pipes snake haphazardly across the corridor, creating a chaotic tapestry of neglected infrastructure.

Approaching a nearby bulkhead, the security panel hangs precariously open, revealing a tangle of exposed circuits. As the team cautiously navigate the corridor, the nearest panel emits a sudden spark, casting a violent burst of light. The flicker reveals the harsh reality of the surroundings before plunging back into darkness. A momentary respite is shattered as the damaged unit hisses to life once more, startling with its unpredictable bursts of activity.

In the intermittent glow, the corridor wall bears a faded inscription: "LIFE-SUPPORT SECTION – M5 TO M8." The designation hints at the interconnected modules that lie ahead, their mysteries concealed in the shadows and silence of the derelict station.



Living Quarters – M5:

The module had originally housed fifty or sixty personnel, in double-berth cubicles. Some of the rooms had been stripped down to the bare essentials – empty walls and cots – but many others looked as though they had recently been abandoned. The place has a mournful, ghost-town feel to it. Shift rotas were still displayed on notice boards. Photos of home are tacked to the walls. Coffee cups and empty plates line consoles. Some wise-ass had pinned holo-pictures of legendary Earthside landmarks to a computer monitor: the Antarctic City, the half-submerged Sydney Opera House, the canals of London Central. It is inviting to imagine that the former occupants of the hab would return anytime soon, exhausted from the morning shift. In the center of the unit, abandoned as abruptly as the rest of the place, is a mess hall, replete with dust-lined tables and cooking pots full of moldy foodstuffs. A large display board sits at

one end of the hall, proudly declaring DAYS WITHOUT RAIN: 398. Storm shutters cover every window, simultaneously protecting the squad from outside influences and trapping them inside.

As the PCs venture deeper into the station, the corridor widens, revealing the entrance to what once was the living quarters designated as M5. The glow-globes flicker hesitantly, casting sporadic light on the passage of time etched into the walls. Abandoned personal effects, scattered and forgotten, offer glimpses into the lives of those who once inhabited these quarters.

The living quarters' doors hang slightly ajar, creaking ominously as if protesting the intrusion of unwelcome visitors. Inside, the air is thick with the acrid scent of neglect. Once-homely spaces now bear the scars of decay: peeling wallpaper, frayed remnants of fabric, and shattered furnishings that tell tales of both abandonment and a struggle for survival.

Tattered remnants of personal belongings cling to the faded remnants of life before the chaos. A solitary flickering glow-globe in each room accentuates the eerie stillness. Dust motes dance in the feeble light, revealing the stillness that has settled over these quarters like a shroud.

As the PCs explore further, they notice signs of a hurried departure and an underlying sense of foreboding. In the dim glow, shadows seem to linger in corners, whispering silent secrets of the past. The living quarters of M5 stand as a testament to the relentless passage of time and the gradual erosion of the once-vibrant life within these metallic walls.

Assigned Chamber – M5, Room 12:

The door slides open with a reluctant hum, revealing the assigned chamber for the PCs on Module M5. The air inside is still, carrying a faint metallic tang. A dim glow-globe casts a subdued radiance, creating shadows that play along the cold, metallic surfaces.

A pair of unassuming bunk beds, each with neatly folded military-grade bedding, dominates the room. The unadorned walls seem to absorb the feeble light, contributing to the overall sense of Spartan functionality. Near one of the bunks, a small desk bears the weight of a portable terminal, its screen currently inactive.

However, the room is not entirely devoid of personal touches. Tacked to the wall beside an unmade bed is a wrinkled two-dimensional photograph. The image captures a poignant moment frozen in time – two women locked in a heartfelt embrace. The embrace is not one of romantic entanglement but rather a display of genuine tenderness, the kind shared between close friends or sisters. The backdrop features a mesmerizing blend of blue and green hues, hinting at a serene location long lost to the harsh reality of space.

In the photograph, the two women bear a striking resemblance, their blonde hair and blue eyes suggesting a familial connection. The elder of the two triggers a faint sense of recognition, a fleeting memory that flits at the edge of consciousness. There's an unspoken story within the frame, a narrative waiting to be unraveled.

As the PCs stand in this chamber, the photograph becomes a poignant reminder of the lives that once thrived in this now desolate outpost, and perhaps a clue to the mysteries that lie ahead.

Idea Roll:

The older is familiar. She is Tyler, tech from the hangar bay.

Spot:

If the photo is returned, a phrase has been written on the back: "Forget me not."

6. The Laboratory

A laboratory complex is strategically positioned within the habitation modules area. The lab is a sterile and high-tech facility, a stark contrast to the dark and eerie atmosphere that pervades the rest of the colony. The room is illuminated by harsh fluorescent lights, casting a clinical and unwavering brightness on every surface. White, pristine walls create an antiseptic environment, and the hum of advanced machinery fills the air.

The centerpiece of the lab is a large, metallic examination table equipped with restraints and surrounded by an array of medical instruments. Overhead, surgical lights provide focused illumination, ready for any scientific experimentation or examination that may take place. A computer console nearby displays intricate data readouts and analysis graphs.

Glass cabinets line the walls, storing various scientific equipment and tools, each meticulously organized. Clear vials containing mysterious substances are neatly arranged on shelves, while complex diagrams and genetic maps are displayed on digital screens.

There are always 2 to 4 researchers on site. However, if the PCs try to question them, they will be rather reluctant. No researcher will let PCs access computer terminals, and if they did, they'd immediately warn Deacon, who'd throw them out.

Insight:

They're obviously afraid of Dr. Kellerman's reaction to what they might reveal about the research.

Persuade:

Their current research focuses on decoding the radio signals emitted by the artifact. It repeats a sequence in both audible and inaudible harmonics over a period of 9,785.77 seconds, or 2.71827 hours, which would correspond to Euler number. They are still working on deciphering algorithms, but so far without success. However, it seems very likely that this signal, in addition to modifying the behavior of Xenos, has an effect on the lower frequencies of human brainwaves from Delta to Alpha.

Biology:

Human brain activity is classified into five frequency ranges:

- Delta waves: Correspond to a state of deep sleep.

- Theta waves: Characterize certain states of somnolence, hypnosis, or meditation.
- Alpha waves: Characterize a calmed state of consciousness.
- Beta waves: Characterize moderate mental activity.
- Gamma waves: Characterize intense mental activity, such as engaging in activities like chess, mathematical calculations, and others.

7. Health Center

The Health Center stands as a testament to simplicity in the face of isolation. The rooms are sparsely furnished, with plain, functional medical equipment scattered across sterile countertops. Harsh fluorescent lights flicker overhead, casting a clinical glow that fails to dispel the perpetual gloom that envelopes the facility. The air carries a faint antiseptic scent, a feeble attempt to mask the lingering odors of metal and machinery.

The beds, more like narrow cots, are lined up in regimented rows, each separated by a thin privacy curtain that does little to shield patients from the harsh realities of their surroundings. The walls, painted in institutional white, bear the scuff marks of years of use and neglect. A solitary window, small and high up, allows slivers of weak sunlight to filter through, offering a meager connection to the outside world.

Clearly, the medical center is no longer in use. There are no longer any staff on site.



Spot:

A computer terminal is still functional. A successful roll of Computer Security grants access to the database.

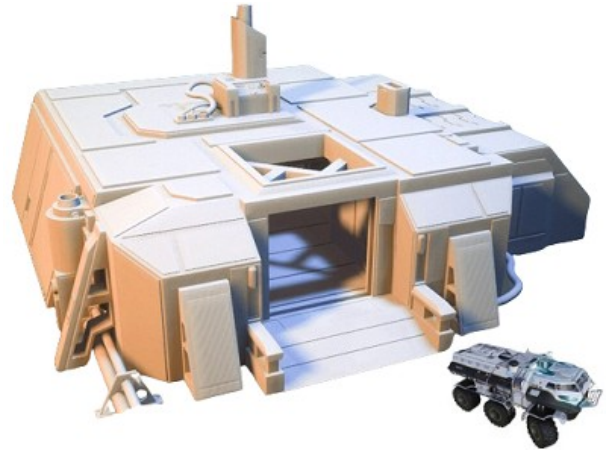
Data analysis:

Analysis of the logs shows that many patients have come for sleep disorders or anxiety. Some even complained of "hearing voices", without being diagnosed with schizophrenia. Attendance at medical visits increased linearly from the time the colony was set up, peaking at the end of the first year.

Thereafter, entries became increasingly rare, until they disappeared altogether over 6 months ago. Since then, the log has not been updated.

8. The Silo [Map 4]

This enormous silo is guarded by a single dormant gun-bot sprawled, like a sleeping dog in front of a double bulkhead. To deactivate the gun-bot, the PCs need to carry an IFF badge. Only Kellerman and Deacon have one, but Tyler has the hardware to set up a new badge. She'll agree to supply one to the PCs once she has spoken to them. However, she is too scared of Kellerman and Deacon to accompany them into the silo.



A fisheye CCTV camera monitors entrances and exits. The video is transmitted directly to the operations center.

Luck roll:

To avoid detection.

Electronics Systems:

A code is required to activate the bulkhead from the outside. To 'run a bypass' requires a difficult Electronics Systems check. Re roll Luck roll for each failure.

Upon entering, the PCs find a massive laboratory, shrouded in darkness, illuminated only by the glow of computer screens and dormant machine terminals.

As the lights flicker to life, a corner of the lab is revealed, bathed in the glow of overhead bulbs. However, an unmistakable and overpowering smell permeates the air – a musky, fishy, rotten odor.

Laboratory:

A macabre scene unfolds within the laboratory – Xenos carcasses are strewn across tables, nailed to walls, and, at the back, colossal Xenomorph skeletons with elongated skulls fill the room. The room is a chilling display of the creatures' horrifying anatomy.

SAN: 0/1D3

A metal shutter separates the lab into two parts. Activating it reveals another chamber beyond – a small plasglass cubicle containing a live Xeno. The creature harmlessly slams against the observation window. A series of caged cubicles, each housing a Xeno specimen, stretch beyond the shutter.

By pressing buttons on a nearby control panel, spotlights illuminate the cabins one by one. Some are empty, while others contain thrashing and enraged Xenos – spitting, slathering, and emitting hateful squeals (marked x on the

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map). Primitive chains strain against their enraged movements. Many react aggressively to the spotlights, futilely swiping at the lights overhead.

SAN: 0/1D6

A CCTV camera, directly linked to Kellerman's office, monitors the cages.

Luck roll:

To prevent being spotted by Kellerman.

Biology or Xeno-Biology:

Kellerman's presence is evident as he conducts standard biological reaction tests, documenting his findings.



Hangar:

Beyond the wall of cages, another part of the lab is dedicated to a different kind of research. The dirty walls are adorned with images of the Engineers' starship, and relics from the ship lay disassembled on workbenches. When Kellerman exhausted his supply of data-slates and paper, he resorted to scrawling his workings directly onto the walls.

As one of the consoles commands more lights, the darkened silo is fully illuminated, revealing a starship nestled at the back. The ship, small and squat, rests on landing supports, resembling an insect poised for flight. Its outline exudes an air of menace, and despite the harrowing surroundings, the vessel appears to be in almost pristine condition.

The highly advanced model, undoubtedly a T-89 Interceptor, shows minimal signs of surface operation on Helios. The metalwork gleams under the silo lighting, hinting at its recent arrival. Stenciled on the nose beneath the bridge module is the name "Pride of Eridani," accompanied by fresh Russian characters that give the impression the paint might still be wet. Below the ship's name, an icon features a black regular cross centered on a red background: the flag of the ERC!

Pilot Aerospace or Spaceship:

The starship boasts a quad of oversized thrusters as engines, indicating its agility and maneuverability. Unlike military ships, the T-89 Interceptor is designed for short cross-system jumps and close ship-to-ship combat. Although equipped with a TISA-space drive, it is noted that the ship will be relatively slow when flying faster than light.

Armoury or Hardware:

Under one of the stubby wings, a rack of missiles is prominently displayed, housing twelve plasma warheads. The menacing aspect is further accentuated by the H-28 laser cannon mounted under the nose, ready for ship-to-ship engagements.

KEEPERS INFORMATION 10

The Derelict [Map 5]

The PCs meet with Kellerman in the hangar bay the next morning. Kellerman assembles Deacon, a driver named Ray, a meteorologist introducing himself as Farrell, and a couple of his researchers (Peters and Dolan).

Insight:

The researchers appear enthused by the idea of going off-station, but Deacon is the opposite.

Kellerman is wearing a suit exterior that had been grafted with a complex arrangement of attenuators and pistons. The design looks archaic and barely serviceable, an exo-suit cobbled together from a variety of different sources. His people bolted a Y-rack onto his back, between the shoulder blades, then added other components to his arms.

If the PCs did not take their equipment when they escaped the Oregon, they are furnished with mismatched environmental wears – real old tech. Oversized H-suits with backpack-mounted kits, very large and bulky; completely unpowered, lined with protective padding. Something like the EVA suits worn by starship maintenance personnel – like an ancient astronaut's vac-suit. They had once been white but was now stained a dirty beige. The H-suits are patched with emergency taping at the wrists, holes amateurishly stitched at the knees. Each suit carries a personal oxygen tank and breathing kit, enough for hours of extra-vehicular activity in the event that the atmosphere turns hostile.

Idea roll:

The weight of the pack will prevent any protracted op.

A sand-crawler is packed with supplies; enough to last a few days on the outside, but Kellerman insists that the team will be back by late afternoon. Kellerman also insists on the reduced range of the means of communication, both for the surface suits and for the crawler's radio antenna. He has imposed total radio silence and asked technicians to check for any leaks of radio signals.

Insight:

There are fear in the technicians voice; fear of Kellerman.

The Artefact is approximately twenty kilometers west of the Station, in a crater, maybe a kilometer across, set between two enormous mountains. The area is pocked with rock structures, twisted into bizarre shapes by the elements. The two suns throw out long shadows, providing precious shade. Here and there, bloated insect-things flit in the cool. Stunted and warped coral-like formations, barely recognizable as some sort of plant-life, ring the basin but do not invade it. The horizon is heat-blurred, and the whole place, protected from the worst of the wind by the mountain range, is blisteringly hot.

1. Entrance door:

From a distance, the bottom of the basin looks like just another rock structure – a series of serrated spires erupting from the crater floor. Coated in sand and stained the same color as the surrounding desert, they look innocuous enough. But this is an artificial edifice – reaching thirty or forty meters out of the ground. A small tent has been set up alongside the structure. The entrance door flaps lazily in the wind, slapping against the sagging fabric walls.

A half-buried construction rises out of the sand. Like the ribcage of some titanic alien creature, the skeletal structure has been pierced in places. The spars are of some metallic substance, unmistakably. Most of the thing appears to be submerged. The entrance to the tent covers the largest opening. The interior is dark, shadowy, leading directly into the alien derelict.

Idea roll:

The trajectory of the crashed ship, evident in its skeletal remains, suggests a course directed toward the Artefact. Whether due to enemy fire or other factors, it met its demise in this unforgiving terrain.



2. Corridors:

The spires are covered in intricate, swirling hieroglyphics. Every exposed surface is covered in markings. The interior of the ship is a maze of wide, empty corridors, constructed from an iridescent black material that remains cold to the touch, even through protective gloves. The air inside is thick with an aura of mystery and ancient alien craftsmanship.

The tunnels, with their ovular shape, present a challenging maze, making navigation difficult and

rendering them mostly indistinguishable from one another. Some abruptly terminate in walls of sand or stone. Chambers and control rooms are scarce, replaced by spaces filled with long-dead computer banks. Cuneiform patterns adorn every conceivable surface – walls, floors, ceilings. The intricate, tightly pressed script gives the impression of being stamped by a machine, reminiscent of ancient circuitry. Occasionally, when touched, the script seems to illuminate, creating an illusion in the shifting light.

No signs of a crew, not even lifeless bodies, can be found. There is no space allocated for a crew; no seating, no stations. The ship's layout does not seem conducive to a manual crew at all. Perhaps the ship operated autonomously, controlled by a vast artificial intelligence and manned by a robotic crew.

The environment is insulated from the outside wind, and in the lower levels, an intense silence prevails. Echoes, when they occur, mimic a reproduction of the Artefact's signal. Flashlights and embedded glow-globes in the walls provide guidance. Some of the lower corridors are crushed. The original starship, once immense, experienced a catastrophic crash, resulting in many parts being severed. Over time, these elements were claimed by the desert. Only a minute fraction of the ship has been mapped by the Helios team during their exploration.

The structural integrity of the lower decks has been compromised. That is where the engine is located. Some of the rooms have been cleared of debris and atmospherically sealed to enable proper cataloging of finds, but most have fallen into a state of complete disrepair.

Xeno-Archeology or Forbidden Science:

The architecture is unmistakable: undoubtedly crafted by the same Engineers responsible for the Juggernaut on LV-223, a moon orbiting the gas giant Calpamos in the Zeta Tucanae system, or possibly LV-426 in the Zeta II Reticuli system.

3. The Chamber:

The PCs eventually emerge into a colossal chamber with a vaulted ceiling soaring twenty meters above and a width of around fifty meters – by far the most expansive space they've encountered within the alien ship. This chamber stands out for its ornate features, marked by obsidian-black consoles rising from the walls.

The ground, though coated in dust, bears larger hieroglyphs and scripted markings. Despite the accumulated dust, it's evident that Kellerman's team recently paid attention to this room. Tracks and footprints crisscross the floor, indicating activity. Following the footprint path across the room, glow-globes in the ceiling illuminate the way, assisted by a makeshift lighting system. Lamps trail from cables connected to a battered power generator.

In the room's center, on a tattered plastic sheet, lies an assortment of mechanical and electronic components, carefully cleaned and labeled by Kellerman's group. The team huddled around this makeshift workstation,

displaying a sense of reverence for the items assembled.

Peters places a bladed metal instrument, as long as a forearm, cast from the same matt-black material as the rest of the starship – obviously conscientiously cleaned. It is covered in tiny, barely visible alien scripture. The thing radiates a malevolence beyond its physical presence.

Peters wanders over then to one of the consoles and inserts the device. The lights overhead dip, throwing the room into darkness. A low keening sounds in the background. The chamber suddenly becomes illuminated again. The overhead glow-globes activate, but also the glyphs set into the walls and floor. The alien consoles around the perimeter of the chamber initiate. Soon the entire chamber is full of humming, operational machines and glowing iconography. The place is alive: one could almost sense the data-streams around, as the machines communicate. That image of a ship navigated by a huge AI comes to mind again, awakening something ancient and unknown.

A bright, mercurial substance is flowing into the recessed patterns. Instead of beading on a flat surface, as real mercury did, the fluid pours into every groove and crenellation. Like a living, voracious thing – seeping, crawling up the wall, to the ceiling above, into the patterns on the floor. It is like a tree, planting roots deep underfoot, throwing branches far overhead. A precisely detailed image covers every wall, the floor, the ceiling – fills the chamber. It glows brightly with thousands of tiny icons, each annotated in alien script. Every individual item swirls and shifts, moving with a life of its own.



Astronomy or Idea roll:

It's a map of the Outer Rim; a planetarium. Flickering silver strands – like a spider's web – spring from some worlds, linking to others. If touched, the mercurial matter flows red like capillaries. Each seems, impossibly, to avoid the morass of black holes and gravimetric storms that blighted the Frontier.

If questioned, Kellerman will provide the following information:

1. A code-breaker algorithm was run on one of the minor starship control units; the scripture of this

device matched one of the consoles over there. They discovered that each acted as a key to activate certain functions of the ship.

2. There is still so much to be done here. Large portions of the vessel remain unknown to them. They've only managed to explore a tiny fraction of it.
3. The crew died in the crash. The conclusion is supported by all available scientific evidence.
4. The Key was found in one of the lowest chambers of the ship.
5. They've been able to decipher some of the alien language – some of the scripture on the walls. This was certainly a battleship, and Kellerman suspects that the Engineers were once at war with the Xenos.
6. The Key has the same markings as those found on the Artefact, on some of the more minor alien relics surrounding the site. Kellerman is sure he can activate the Artefact.

KEEPERS INFORMATION 11

Attack

Kellerman decides it's time to leave. Deacon leads the way to the surface levels and barks again into his communicator.

"Ray! This is Chief Deacon! Respond!"

When that doesn't work, he tries the same with Farrell. Both channels are empty static. The exit comes into view ahead. Slashes of bright light fall through the breach in the starship hull. Inside the vessel, it had been so dark that it takes a moment for naked eyesight to adjust to the new conditions. The temperature gradually increases as the group goes outside; it is approaching high noon now. The desert is deathly still – whatever life Helios harbors, as basic as it is, knows to avoid the extreme midday heat.

Ray and Farrell stand together, heads bobbed as though in conversation. Ray is consulting a data-slate. Farrell manipulates the device and points to something. They stand just outside the hole in the starship hull, within the shade of the tent. The enclosure outside is still open, and the overhead suns are so bright that they shine right through the fabric.

Deacon yells:

"Hey, assholes! How about one of you answer the damned comm?"

Ray turns to face the group, his back to the alien desert. He gives a weak grin.

"No problem, Chief. Just chewing the fat with Farrell."

Farrell says:

"All fine out here. The gun-bot is guarding the crawler."

Ray backs him up again:

"Yeah, nothing to report whatsoever. Quiet as a tomb, in fact—"

Ray's head suddenly explodes in a mass of blood and bone and gore as a black, monstrous shape looms over him with unnatural speed, shattering the illusion of tranquility with brutal efficiency.

Attackers:

3x Xenomorphs. They encircle the exit and are ready to pounce on their prey at the right moment, coordinating their actions (gaining initiative).

Kellerman hopes to persuade the PCs to help him. His intention is to scare the squad with this encounter. The Xenos they face are experiments, intentionally released in that region at his request, equipped with bio-tech communicators surgically implanted. Both Farrell and Ray's deaths were unanticipated. Nevertheless, Kellerman believes that it would solidify the PCs' animosity towards the Xenos.

He'll blame the incident on Farrell, accusing him of not having properly checked the radio mast.

2. **Sense of Duty:** As members of the expedition or crew, the PCs may feel obliged to support Kellerman's efforts and contribute to the overall success of the mission. This loyalty may stem from their commitment to their role or from their allegiance to MiliSci or the commanders.
3. **Quest for Knowledge:** The PCs may be driven by a thirst for discovery and understanding, especially when confronted with the enigmatic, alien nature of the artifact. Uncovering the artifact's hidden secrets could offer valuable insights into extraterrestrial civilizations or advanced technologies.
4. **Direct Threats:** If the PCs were caught asking too many questions and snooping around Kellerman's or Deacon's offices, or worse, if they were discovered in the silo, Kellerman may threaten them with execution. Additionally, if Jenna has been caught helping them, Kellerman will also threaten to execute the technician if the PCs refuse to help.

In any case, the PCs should have a plan B. It's clear that getting to the Artifact site is a one-way ticket to Hell.

Strategy or Idea roll:

If the PCs have discovered the T-89 Interceptor, they can use it as a means of extraction by asking Jenna to steal the aircraft. If Jenna has been captured by Deacon's men, her boyfriend Flynn can try to break her out (at the GM's discretion). If not, the finale may well end in bloodshed and horror. No, this isn't Star Trek ;-)

THE ADVENTURE 3

Highway to Hell

The main approach to the Artefact is guarded by an enormous Xenos presence. But Kellerman has been able to identify a possible path to the Artefact through tunnels beneath the desert.

He wants the PCs to follow the identified route and activate the Artefact with the Key.

However, this directive isn't straightforward. Firstly, it contradicts the orders the PCs have received to avoid the artifact. Secondly, there's no apparent reason for them to activate an artifact when the consequences are unknown.

Kellerman is aware of these concerns and is considering several strategies:

1. **Safety Concerns:** Given the proximity of the Xenos who attacked them the day before at the wreck site, if the Xenos pose a potential threat to the safety of the crew or the mission, the PCs may feel compelled to investigate to assess and mitigate any dangers. Understanding the nature of the Artefact could allow them to formulate strategies for protection or evacuation if necessary.

KEEPERS INFORMATION 12

The Real Me

Kellerman has no intention of allowing the PCs to activate the Artifact. He believes he alone is entitled to make contact with the artifact's architects.

Instead, he plans to use the PCs as a diversion to draw the Xenos away from the Artifact, giving him the opportunity to activate it himself.

The briefcase he'll give the PCs will actually contain a 3D-printed imitation of the Key, a clever ruse to maintain control over the situation.

A sand-crawler has been specially equipped for the mission, with their weapons, armor, and the fake Key loaded inside. The departure is scheduled for tomorrow morning at 07:00 local time.

The route has already been programmed into the vehicle's GPS, and a map of the tunnels has been downloaded into the armor or H-suit for their guidance.

If the squad had time to save their equipment during the Oregon escape, they will be able to retrieve it in the crawler, otherwise give the players Investigators Handout #10.

KEEPERS INFORMATION 13

Jenna Tyler

Jenna is driven by a deep desire to unravel the mystery of her sister's disappearance and investigate Kellerman's potential involvement. By helping the PCs, she has the opportunity to gather crucial information, investigate Kellerman's activities and uncover relevant clues to her sister's fate.

In addition, Jenna feels a moral obligation to challenge Deacon's authoritarianism and domination of the civilian population.

Thanks to her experience as an operations technician, Jenna has the technical skills to bypass security protocols, override locks and navigate stolen spaceships. To do so, she must perform clandestine maneuvers in the hangar, under cover of darkness, evade surveillance systems and use diversions or decoys to divert attention, possibly with the help of her boyfriend, Flynn.

The act of commandeering a ship has far-reaching repercussions, not only for Jenna herself, but also for Flynn. Discovery of her actions could have serious consequences, ranging from disciplinary action to possible execution.

If he wishes, the GM can use Jenna as a Joker if the PCs are in great distress.

KEEPERS INFORMATION 14

The Tunnels [Map 6]

Once out of the mountainous region surrounding Helios Station, the barren plains are easily traversed. In the cabin, the scanner conducts diagnostics and monitors bio-sensor sweeps. The landscape outside is relentlessly monotonous, the desert devoid of life. The PCs' only companion is the howl of the angry wind.

Daylight eventually fades. Both suns still bear down from far above, but their light grows dim and aged. A few moments later, the crawler's PA chimes in to inform the squad that a storm front is developing just beyond their sector. The sky has turned black, streaks of brilliant red lightning coursing the horizon. So completely alien is the display that it is almost beautiful.

Finally, the crawler headlights are activated. A rack of strong lamps has been attached to the roof and prow, searing through the miasma of dust and grit to illuminate a pathway ahead.

Closer to the tunnels, PCs can feel a whisper deep inside their heads as if it had always been there. The artifact is calling them.

Stamina roll:

To resist a wave of nausea.

1. Entrance to the underground tunnels:

There is a huge boulder beside the cave, sprayed with a colourful skull-and-crossbones motif. An arrow points down into the darkness.

With a regular supply of water down here, the wildlife is more obvious than on the surface. Alongside the alien insects, colourful and bio-luminescent fungi pollute the rock pools. Weird, needle-covered shell creatures scurry about. There is a loud drip-drip-drip of water falling from above, a gushing in the distance.

2. The caves:

Kellerman has been able to identify a possible path to the Artefact through the tunnels under the Derelict. The crawler navigation system has been loaded with maps for above and below ground.

Once inside the tunnels, communication with the station will be permanently lost. The line is filled with static and becomes totally inaudible.

3. The great cavern:

A vast cavern unfolds ahead, stretching into darkness far above. Larger stalactites drip from the ceiling, and water flows from some, gradually pooling in the lower recesses of the cave. Great insects flit among the life-giving fluid, flashing brilliantly with internal light as they stoop to drink from the pools.

A hundred meters away, the floor is littered with destroyed sand-crawlers, unmodified civilian models now reduced to burnt-out wrecks.

The runway is blocked by a crawler, and the PCs have to move it using their vehicle's front winch.

Listen:

As they unwind the cable, a noise, like scratching claws from an animal seeking release, emanates from inside the crawler. The entry hatch has been sealed shut by fire, yet the noise is loud enough to be audible from outside.

4. The burnt sand-crawler:

Six still figures in the passenger compartment, eternally harnessed, wear hostile-environment suits with helmets covering their faces. Instead of bodies in the midst of flight – desperate to escape the crawler – the dead are inexplicably tranquil, as if they knew what was coming when their crawler ignited, greeting death without a fight.

Idea roll:

They strapped in even though they knew they were going to die.

SAN: 0/1

The nearest corpse is propped upright in the seat, poised as though resting rather than dead. The helmet, completely fogged during the fire, has turned the originally off-white H-suit into a dirty, smoky black.

Spot:

If the H-suit chest-plate is rubbed clean, looking for some means of identifying the body, a name is printed on a stitched ID tag: S TYLER. The PCs' lamps

NEW HORIZON, scenario pack SW1.0

illuminate a recent scrawled message on the crawler cabin wall, right next to the body: three familiar words – "Forget me not."

If the helmet is lifted, a dead face stares back. Big, dead eyes. Mouth open in a scream. She had been dead for years. Face contorted, withered; charred to blackened bone by the extreme temperature. Hair plastered to her head. There's no way this body could have scratched out this message. Is it?

SAN: 1/1D3



As the adventurers emerge from the charred crawler or finish attaching the cable to pull it, they find themselves suddenly beset by a group of three Xenomorphs. With uncanny speed and agility, the first two Xenomorphs vault over the wreckage, aiming to pounce directly onto the soldiers, while the third, stealthily concealed amidst the shadows, silently slinks towards the team's crawler, seeking to infiltrate unnoticed and sow chaos from within.

5. The cemetery:

If flares are thrown, creating a lighting perimeter around the destroyed vehicles, many bodies, like those inside the crawler, can be seen in every direction. Some are sprawled out on the floor, face down, all crawling away from something – in the same direction: back the way they came.

SAN: 0/1

Idea roll:

They were probably running from something. All of the H-suits are emblazoned with crew and station badges from the outpost. There are hundreds of them down there, but it doesn't seem like they all died at the same time. Some are crumbling, ancient corpses, while others are still old but fresher.

There were multiple causes of death. Some corpses are swollen by exposure to bio-toxins and boomer-fire, torched by flamers, while some died from standard-issue tech. The impact wounds look like shots from a carbine or pistol. Among the tangle of bodies, there are even human weapons; all civilian-issue, the sort of gear seen back at Helios Station.

Idea roll:

They shot each other. They either went mad or decided it was better to die down here than go on.

Spot:

Brushing aside an age of dust and small debris, the floor underneath is smooth, machined – a dark metallic compound. These caves aren't natural. The tunnels become much narrower, and the rock-hewn walls give way to the same metal.

6. The Opening:

As the PCs enter a simple break in the cavern wall, marked by a pile of rocks, the corridors suddenly come alive with alien cuneiform. Patterns ignite – blues, whites, incredible star-fields. Spiral galaxies beyond our own. Worlds within worlds. The transmission resonates off the walls and floors. The structure is humming; the metalwork reverberant. An immense power is building around them. Not the predictable, mute power of human technology: there is something self-aware, something malignant about this presence.

SAN: 0/1

If they follow the path for 100 meters ahead, the tunnel become rock again. Dust and grit filter into the network from an opening. It doesn't take long, and soon the opening is big enough to pull the team through.

Ahead, like an angry testament to gods long forgotten, the Artefact looms in all its terrible majesty. The Artefact's signal pulls the PCs onwards, as though they are possessed by the spirits of the long-dead architects of this structure.

SAN: 1/1D6

KEEPERS INFORMATION 15

The Artefact [Map 7]

The rain is otherworldly, pounding down in massive sheets, a thunderous deluge. Enormous droplets noisily splatter against the padding of the PCs' suits. The sky, lit solely by the crackle of luminescent lightning, is a dark canvas, and storm clouds swirl overhead – black, almost prophetic. It's as if Helios is releasing all its pent-up elemental power in one overwhelming burst. The place feels unnatural, surreal. Even the atmosphere is altered, heavy with ozone, cloying to the point of barely being breathable.

The Artefact's song inundates the team. The PCs find themselves in the heart of an alien ruin. Shard structures dot the desert floor, resembling miniature artifacts. Aeons-old obsidian slabs, slick with rain, absorb the light. Other, more ominous structures emerge: wicked-looking spires, sharp and brutal, line the path ahead.

At the end of the route lies the Artefact, rising from the desert like the blade of an upturned knife, so colossal that it seems to touch the sky. Concentrating on the Artefact or discerning the details of its vast design is impossible. It briefly comes into sharp focus but rapidly

dissolves. It doesn't want to be seen. It doesn't want to be remembered.

The Artefact's transmission settles into an unbearable thrumming. The atmosphere presses uncomfortably on the SAD team. More alien devices and structures emerge from the sand. Consoles start to glow, pulsating with new life. One of them – situated at the very foot of the Artefact – blazes especially bright.

Kellerman lurches over to the Artefact control console.

Spot:

The cuneiform can be recognized, the same as the scripture on the Key.

KEEPERS INFORMATION 16

He Who Is Not to Be Named

Kellerman's crawler is parked some thirty meters away, illuminated by its headlights. Kellerman is so absorbed in activating the alien machine that he doesn't notice the PCs' arrival. He is escorted by Deacon with three of his men. The pilot and co-pilot remain in the crawler, ready to take off again.

The PCs could confront Kellerman directly, either through negotiation, persuasion, or force. They might try to convince him of the dangers of activating the machine or appeal to his sense of reason or morality. If necessary, they could engage in combat to incapacitate or restrain him.

Sadly, the man is beyond argument or reach. Madness has already taken hold of his mind, and all he can think about is getting the job done. He'll answer the PCs:

"I've already told you that the Artefact is a beacon, and that the Federation has known about the Engineers for a long time. Both of those things are true. If the Artefact is activated, it will yield access to an untold alien empire – stretched across the DMZ. With access to habitable worlds throughout the region, imagine the alien technology that could be salvaged. That is what the ERC wants, and that is what I am giving them."

As Kellerman's trembling hand activates the ancient device, a surge of ominous energy ripples through the air, triggering a cataclysmic event of unimaginable proportions. The ground quakes violently beneath their feet, fissures tearing through the earth as if the very fabric of reality itself is unraveling. Buildings crumble like sandcastles in a storm, and screams echo through the chaos as lives are lost in the merciless grip of destruction.

Meanwhile, far beyond the reaches of mortal comprehension, the device's activation sends out a signal, a beacon of doom that pierces the void between dimensions. In the darkest corners of existence, ancient and malevolent entities stir from their slumber, drawn by the siren call of the Artefact's awakening. Among them, the dreaded Flying Polyps heed the call. And lurking in the shadows beyond the stars, the unspeakable dread of

Hastur stirs, his attention fixated on the mortal realm, drawn inexorably towards the source of the disturbance.

As chaos reigns and the forces of cosmic horror converge upon the beleaguered adventurers, they stand on the precipice of oblivion, facing an existential threat that transcends mortal comprehension. Only through courage, cunning, and unyielding determination can they hope to thwart the impending doom and preserve the fragile thread of existence itself.

He Who Is Not to Be Named is coming...

SAN: 1D10/1D100

KEEPERS INFORMATION 17

Way Out

Should Kellerman meet his end or be incapacitated before activating the device, the situation takes a drastic turn for the worse. The Artefact looms ominously, crackling with energy as lightning dances around its surface, casting an eerie glow over the desolate desert landscape. Beyond the Artefact, the storm rages on, its fury extending for kilometers in every direction. In response to Kellerman's failed attempt, the Xenomorphs heed his call, swarming towards the site in a relentless horde, spelling certain doom for any humans caught in their path. In this dire moment, the "Pride of Eridani" must take action, provided Jenna has successfully escaped the base aboard the ship.



Combat Pilot:

With a seamless deployment of its weapon pods, the Pride unleashes a barrage of plasma ordnance, their fiery trails streaking across the sky with a deafening whistle. The once serene mountain range erupts into chaos as structures crumble and explode, engulfing the desert in flames and smoke. Amidst the chaos, the Pride clears a temporary path, allowing for a swift extraction of those on the ground.

Pilot Aerospace:

To land quickly for rapid extraction.

However, as it attempts to ascend to avoid the incoming wave of Xenomorphs, the Pride's maneuverability begins to falter.

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The Pride circles the Artefact, its engine pitch shifting as it maneuvers. The operation isn't perfect, and it tilts hazardously as it begins another sweep. The delicate anti-gravitic engines struggle with the conditions.

The control console pulses, bitterly disappointed that the promise of activation had not been realized. The Artefact's scream echoes in the PCs' minds. The controls go crazy. Just then, the Interceptor banks dangerously, losing altitude.

Pilot Aerospace:

To keep the Pride airborne.

Idea roll:

It's the Artefact. It interferes with flight controls.

The Artefact's interference with the flight controls leaves only one viable solution: the deployment of nuclear ordnance.

Warheads scream out from under the wings of the Interceptor, covering the distance to the Artefact almost immediately. Several of them hit home – at this range, it's almost impossible to miss. The view-screen flashes with icons and messages, confirming impacts. Bright explosions course over the Artefact, each causing a chain reaction of further detonations.

Gradually, the enormous structure collapses in on itself, toppling away from the Pride. It sends up an enormous plume of dust. With each new detonation, the ache in the PCs' heads diminishes until it's gone. For the first time since they arrived on Helios, their heads are clear.

Instantaneously, the Pride of Eridani rights itself. The Pride abruptly starts to gain altitude and banks away from the mountain range. The engine tone becomes smooth. Bulbs across the control panel illuminate green, gaining velocity and pulling away from Helios' planetary gravity. It won't be long before she breaks the atmosphere completely.

It is over.

intelligence about ERC infiltration efforts within civilian corporations and potential leads for uncovering other spies.

Ultimately, the resolution of the Artefact's fate will depend on the choices made by the players. The players or MiliSci may inadvertently activate or unleash the Artefact's powers, triggering catastrophic consequences for themselves and the surrounding environment. Alternatively, the Illuminati within MiliSci may seek to seize control of the Artefact for their own purposes. This could lead to a race against time as both factions vie for control of the object, each with their own agenda and motivations. The players may need to navigate complex political dynamics and engage in diplomacy or subterfuge to prevent the Artefact from falling into the wrong hands.

THE END.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thanks to Jamie Sawyer for crafting the rich universe of "The Lazarus War" series, notably drawing inspiration from the thrilling narrative of "Artefact." that served as a cornerstone for the creation of this scenario.

I am equally indebted to the creators of iconic alien movies whose imaginative creatures and intricate plots have greatly influenced this scenario. The monsters and enigmatic Engineers from these films have lent an intriguing layer to the storyline.

Furthermore, heartfelt thanks to the team behind the "Cthulhu Rising" RPG setting, such as the ERC Setting, for their imaginative world-building and captivating mythos.

KEEPERS INFORMATION 18

Loose Ends

After the battle between the Oregon and the ERC ship, the fate of any surviving ERC operatives in orbit could unfold in several ways. The ERC survivors, aboard the now-wrecked "Voroshilov" orbiting Helios III, could provide valuable intelligence about their organization's activities and goals in the DMZ. Depending on the circumstances, the players may choose to offer assistance or rescue to any injured or stranded ERC survivors. This could be a humanitarian gesture aimed at demonstrating goodwill or fostering diplomatic relations between opposing factions in the DMZ.

Evers, the spy embedded within the Cenargo Company, presents an intriguing subplot. If the players uncover Evers' true identity and espionage activities, they may choose to capture him for interrogation or turn him over to UEF authorities. This could lead to valuable

APPENDIX A: DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Statistical profiles are gathered here to enable the GM to copy or print out these pages separately from the campaign to provide a handy reference when running this chapter.

GENERAL COLE

BRINT Supreme Officer in Charge of Policing the ERC DMZ. Age 51.

General Cole, a commanding figure, stands tall as a man-mountain despite years behind a desk at Fort Pickering. His skin carries a light coffee hue, and his hair has grown into a curly fuzz. Rumor has it he hails from Hawaii. Known by everyone at the Fort, Cole forged a formidable reputation long before attaining the rank of general. Occasionally ruthless, he possesses a sound tactical mind. His nickname, "Old Man Cole," holds a dual meaning – a nod to ancient military tradition and an ironic twist, as Cole isn't particularly old for a general. This became a point of criticism upon his appointment to the role.

EVERS AND JOSTIN

Cenargo Company Reps. Age 36 & 33.

Evers and Jostin, representatives of Cenargo Company, are identically dressed in dark business suits complete with neckties. In their thirties by Earth-standard reckoning, they exude the polished appearance of corporate men. With greased black hair and unnaturally tanned skin, the duo presents an air of calculated professionalism.

MiliSci approached Cenargo Corporation a few years ago for its expertise in medical technology. The company is now working to strengthen its "partnership" with MiliSci, aiming to develop new technologies for the market and counter its primary rival, Weyland-Yutani, in the extra-solar colonization sector.

Evers, despite having undeniable qualities, owes his position more to familial connections than his skills. He is the nephew of a well-placed corpo executive.

Jostin, on the other hand, serves a dual role. He is an infiltrator with the Foreign Espionage Section of the ERC. Coming from the Beta class of citizens, he was able to join the Federation some fifteen years ago undetected. He then followed a course of study that enabled him to join Cenargo, where he climbed the ladder to his current position. Although not homosexual, Jostin became Evers' lover in order to gain a higher status within the corporation. He will pass on any information he may have obtained on operation keystone to his liaison officer; Oregon's mission to infiltrate the DMZ was already compromised by the time she left.

CAPTAIN JAMES ATKINS

UEAF Oregon's captain. Age 39.

Despite his youthful appearance, he holds the experience and rank of an accomplished Naval captain. Serving as the commanding officer of the Oregon for five years, he demonstrates both leadership and expertise in his role. Notably, his grip is unexpectedly robust for an astrogator. The captain wears a simple, undecorated wedding band on one hand, emphasizing a functional and unpretentious style.

His presence on the bridge of the Oregon is a source of reassurance and inspiration, his every decision made with wisdom and resolve.

But it was in the final moments of his command that Captain Atkins's true heroism shone brightest. Faced with overwhelming odds and a relentless onslaught from ERC "Voroshilov" class Hunter-Destroyer, he refused to abandon his post. With unwavering determination, he stood against the enemy, guiding his ship with unmatched skill and courage.

In the end, as the Oregon faced its doom, Captain Atkins remained at his station, a beacon of defiance in the darkness of space.

OLSEN GORDEN

MiliSci Scientist Officer. Age 40.

STR:	09	Move:	3
CON:	12	HP:	23
SIZ:	11	Dex SR:	3
INT:	17	DB:	+0
POW:	14	SAN:	55
DEX:	13		
APP:	10		
BRA:	12		

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
M11P Pistol	3	30	+0	1d10+2

Armour:

Combat Body Armour (8AP)

Skills:

Administration 30%, Archaeology 45%, Computer Operation 40%, Data Analysis 60%, Forbidden Science 10%, Occult 40%, Xeno-Archaeology 55%, Xeno-Biology-Ecology 60%, Listen 35%, Spot 50%.

Notes:

Olsen is a big, flabby man; well into middle-age, marked by a life of lab-work. He wore a white smock, buttoned to his fat neck. His greyed hair was thinning, swept over a balding pate. His thinning hair and balding pate further emphasize his age and the toll that his career has taken on him physically. Olsen is a dedicated researcher who spends long hours in the laboratory, immersed in his work, at the expense of other aspects of his life. Despite his physical appearance, his intellect and expertise likely make him a valuable asset to the team.

DEACON

Security Officer of Helios Station. Age 44.

STR: 16 Move: 3
CON: 15 HP: 32
SIZ: 17 Dex SR: 3
INT: 12 DB: +1D6
POW: 11 SAN: 55
DEX: 13
APP: 10
BRA: 14

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Unarmed Cmbt	1	50	+0	2d3+db
M11P Pistol	3	50	+0	1d10+2
ACR	3/5/10	65	+2	2d8+2
Combat Knife	1	40	+0	1d4+2+db

Armour:

Personal Body Armor + H-suit (4AP + 2AP)

Augmentations:

Enhanced Aiming Cybernetic (Cyber), Eye Light System (Cyber), Smartlink Interface (Cyber), Tracheal Filter (Cyber).

Skills:

Dodge: 60%, Spot: 55%, Listen: 55%, First Aid: 50%, Orientation: 50%, Survival: 50%, Stealth: 50%, Climb: 50%, Drive (Military Vehicles): 50%, Leadership: 55%, Alertness: 50%, Intimidate: 55%, Heavy Weapons (Machine Gun): 40%.

Notes:

Deacon is a complex character with a dark and troubled past, whose actions are driven by a combination of self-preservation, loyalty to his employer, and a ruthless ambition for power. As the Security Officer of Helios Station, he holds a position of authority and influence, which he wields to instill fear and maintain control over the surviving colonists.

Physically, Deacon cuts an imposing figure. Rugged and scar-faced, his middle-aged appearance is accentuated by his peppered dark hair and full beard. Standing tall and broad-shouldered, he exudes an aura of strength and intimidation.

His motivations stem from a sense of self-preservation and a desire for power and recognition. Having been involved in the loss of many colonists' lives on Helios Station, Deacon is willing to do whatever it takes to protect himself and advance his own interests. His allegiance to the ERC, along with his collaboration with Dr. Kellerman, demonstrates his willingness to betray his fellow colonists for personal gain.

Despite his outward bravado and authoritarian demeanor, Deacon harbors a deep-seated fear of failure and exposure. He knows that his actions have consequences, and he will stop at nothing to ensure that his secrets remain buried. This fear drives him to manipulate and intimidate others, using his small troop of mercenaries to enforce his will and maintain control over the fragile ecosystem of Helios Station.

JENNA TYLER

Operations tech. Age 28.

STR: 10 Move: 3
CON: 13 HP: 24
SIZ: 11 Dex SR: 3
INT: 15 DB: +0
POW: 12 SAN: 55
DEX: 13
APP: 15
BRA: 14

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Punch	1	25	+0	1d3+db

Armour:

None

Skills:

Electrical Repair: 55%, Mechanical Repair: 60%, Computer Use: 65%, Data Analysis: 50%, Drive (Ground Vehicles): 40%, Navigate: 40%, Spot Hidden: 40%, First Aid: 60%, Dodge: 50%, Pilot Spacecraft: 45%.

Notes:

Clad in a weathered black tank top and combat pants, Jenna Tyler sports a pulled-back blonde hair secured under a practical bandana. Thin and grease-stained, her bare arms bear the marks of countless hours working on the machinery.

Jenna, along with her sister Sara, answered the call five years ago at the project's inception. Both graduates in Planetary Engineering, they received a special invitation from the UEF command. The prospect of delving into the unknown seemed like the grand adventure of a lifetime – a tale to share with their future children. The sisters committed to the endeavor, signing official secret declarations and fully embracing the anticipation of what the Artifact might unveil.

Tragically, the excitement was cut short. Sara, only 22 years old at the time, passed away a year after their arrival. The loss left an indelible mark on Jenna's journey with the Artifact. The memory of her sister's dreams, extinguished too soon, lingers amidst the vast unknown of this otherworldly mission.

DR JARVIS KELLERMAN

The mad scientist. Age 65.

STR: 10 (15) Move: 0 (3) paraplegic
CON: 12 HP: 27
SIZ: 15 Dex SR: 3
INT: 18 DB: +0 (+1D4)
POW: 10 SAN: 08 schizophrenic
DEX: 08 (10)
APP: 10
BRA: 17

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
None				

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Armour:

Exo-skeleton (2AP)

Skills:

Administration 40%, Archaeology 40%, Computer Operation 50%, Data Analysis 60%, Forbidden Science 20%, Occult 10%, Xeno-Archaeology 75%, Xeno-Biology–Ecology 90%, Xeno-Technology 10%, Listen 35%, Spot 50%.

Notes:

Kellerman signed up for the mission due to his specialist knowledge of Xeno-culture, having written various articles on the subject. He was on Epsilon Ultris in an official capacity, part of a MiliSci Division expedition in a sector approved by the UEAF to visit. The UEAF Santiago fired a barrage at his position, resulting in the loss of sixteen of his best people, obliterated with the press of a button because some negligent technician failed to check for allied forces in the area. Command labeled it friendly fire.

Since then, he still hears the noise – the humming, in the seconds before the plasma barrage reached them. The sound of death, the sound of annihilation. The end of all things. He survived by pure chance. When they took his legs, he thought his life was over. That he would never again set foot on an alien world, never again experience the thrill of a new discovery.

Because of his disability, he is angry that he has to depend on others, that his legs had been taken from him. That anger hadn't dissipated much, despite the passage of years.

He doesn't care about the ERC, but he harbors a deep resentment towards the Federation. Knowledge is all that matters to him. He wants to activate the Key to call upon the race that constructed the Artefact.

He stopped reporting to Command in the hope that they would send a rescue team. He can't afford to lose any more staff, although he still needs bodies – to go into the Artefact. He had no way of knowing that Command would send a SAD team.

Kellerman's face is still. He is a husk of a man. Obsession has taken everything away from him. His half-lidded eyes are dark. He cheeks are sullen and hollow. He is nothing but an idea, and his fixation with that idea has become so overwhelming that it has stripped away his national allegiance, his personality, his soul.

STANDARD SCIENTISTS (x8)

Helios Station Researchers

STR:	09	Move:	3
CON:	12	HP:	24
SIZ:	12	Dex SR:	3
INT:	17	DB:	+0
POW:	14	SAN:	55
DEX:	12		
APP:	11		
BRA:	13		

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Punch	1	25	+0	1d3+db

Armour:

None

Skills:

Science (Biology): 60%, Science (Chemistry): 55%, Science (Physics): 50%, Science (Geology): 50%, Computer Use: 60%, Data Analysis: 65%, Spot Hidden (Details): 50%, Listen (Analytical): 50%, Navigate (Fieldwork): 45%, Survival (Field Conditions): 40%.

Notable scientists:

- Karen Dolan (data scientist)
- Liam Peters (computer scientist)

STANDARD TECHNICIANS (x27)

Helios Station Technicians

STR:	12	Move:	3
CON:	14	HP:	26
SIZ:	12	Dex SR:	3
INT:	14	DB:	+0
POW:	11	SAN:	50
DEX:	14		
APP:	11		
BRA:	13		

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Punch	1	35	+0	1d3+db

Armour:

None

Skills:

Electrical Repair: 60%, Mechanical Repair: 55%, Computer Use: 55%, Craft (Electronics): 60%, Operate Heavy Machinery: 50%, Drive (Ground Vehicles): 50%, Science (Physics): 45%, Science (Engineering): 50%, Navigate: 45%, Spot Hidden: 50%, First Aid: 40%, Dodge: 50%, Pilot (Aircraft or Drones): 40%.

Notable technicians:

- Flynn (Tyler's boyfriend)
- Ray (HGV mechanic and driver)
- Farell (meteorologist)

STANDARD GUARDS (x32)

Violent Henchmen

STR:	13	Move:	3
CON:	14	HP:	28
SIZ:	14	Dex SR:	3
INT:	11	DB:	+1D4
POW:	10	SAN:	50
DEX:	13		
APP:	10		
BRA:	13		

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ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Punch	1	35	+0	1d3+db
VP78 Pistol	3/A3	30	+0	1d8+1
ACR	3/5/10	45	+2	2d8+2
Knife	1	30	+0	1D4+2+db

Armour:

Personal Body Armor + H-suit (4AP + 2AP)

Skills:

Spot Hidden: 65%, Listen: 55%, Search: 60%, Dodge: 60%, Persuade: 40%, Drive (Crawler): 55%, Navigate: 45%, Stealth: 50%, Computer Use: 55%.

Notes:

They look like an Old Earth hood-gang; faces conceal by headscarves and respirator masks. Their uniforms carry a bizarre array of badges and iconography, suggesting tours of duty on many planets and outposts. All of them are emblazoned with the Helios Expedition badge, but they are obviously a seasoned crew. These are civilian contractors, not proper military.

GUN-BOT

Killing Machine

STR:	08	Move:	3
STU:	20	HP:	28
SIZ:	08	Enc:	70kg
EDU:	02		
DEX:	10		



ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
M41 SMG (x2)	3/5/10	60	+0	2d6+4*

*100 rds each

Armour:

4AP

Sensors:

Night Vision, Movement Detection.

Notes:

Robot mounted on articulated tripods with a SMG on each side. The rotating turret offers a 360° viewing angle. The weak point of this model is its limited programming, which prevents it from being truly autonomous. Its function is limited to site surveillance or access control, and shooting in the event of intrusion.

XENOMORPH – STALKER

Cunning and relentless Hunter

STR:	21	Move:	10
CON:	19	HP:	47
SIZ:	28	Dex SR:	1
INT:	05	DB:	+2D6
POW:	07	HF:	0/1D6
DEX:	18		
BRA:	17		

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Claw	2	40	+0	1d6+db

Bite	1	30	+0	2d6+db
Tail	1	30	+0	1d10+db

Acid Blood: 2D6/1D6/1D3 damage points for 1D3 rounds

Armour:

chitine (5 AP)

Skills:

Alertness 65%, Track 60%, Hide 80%, Climb 80%, Jump 60%, Listen 40%.

Notes:

The Xenomorph Stalker is a fearsome predator, evolved for stealth and hunting in the dark, labyrinthine corridors of space stations, colonies, and derelict spacecraft. It possesses the same biomechanical characteristics as other Xenomorphs, with its sleek, black exoskeleton glistening with a layer of bio-moisture. Its elongated head features a ridged crest and a set of double jaws lined with sharp teeth, capable of delivering devastating attacks.

The Xenomorph Stalker is distinguished by its slender and agile build, allowing it to move swiftly and silently through the shadows. Its limbs are long and sinewy, ending in razor-sharp claws that can rend through metal and flesh with ease. Its tail is flexible and tipped with a lethal barb, which it uses to impale unsuspecting prey from a distance.

What sets the Xenomorph Stalker apart from other Xenomorph variants is its ability to camouflage itself, blending seamlessly into its surroundings like a deadly chameleon. This makes it exceptionally difficult to detect until it strikes, often appearing suddenly from the darkness to ambush its victims.

APPENDIX B: SAMPLE PREGENS

Some ideas for player characters to be used with this adventure.

CAPTAIN CONRAD HARRIS

SAD Commanding officer of Operation Keystone, aged 40, Serial code 93778

STR:	16 (32)	Move:	3
CON:	15	HP:	30
SIZ:	15	Dex SR:	3
INT:	13	DB:	+1D4 (+2D6)
POW:	14	SAN:	50
DEX:	14		
APP:	11		
BRA:	17		

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Unarmed Cmbt	1	60	+0	2d3+db
M11P Pistol	3	55	+0	1d10+2
M29 Rifle	3/5/10	65	+3	2d8
Rifle Grenade	1	65	-	varies
Combat Knife	1	45	+0	1d4+2+db

Armour:

Battle Body Armour 'Commando' (10AP)

Augmentations:

Neural Security System (Cyber), Praying Mantis Sickle (Cyber).

Skills:

Alertness: 70%, First Aid: 60%, Persuade: 40%, Psychology: 40%, Navigate: 60%, Stealth: 55%, Listen: 50%, Spot: 55%, Computer Operation 30%, Tactic: 60%, Low/Zero Gravity Ops: 30%, Forbidden Science 5%, Occult 5%.

Notes:

Captain Conrad Harris, a seasoned military officer, was born into a family with a long history of military service. From an early age, Harris showed exceptional leadership qualities and a keen strategic mind. His dedication and commitment earned him swift promotions within the ranks of the UEF military.

During a routine military operation on a distant outpost, Captain Conrad Harris and his unit confronted a series of inexplicable phenomena. Unearthly lights cavorted across the sky, and soldiers recounted hearing disconcerting whispers in the shadows. Harris took charge, leading his team into an abandoned research facility where they stumbled upon the aftermath of a clandestine ritual gone horribly wrong.

The ritual, orchestrated by the sinister Karotechia organization, had inadvertently torn open a temporary rift into an unknown dimension. Harris bore witness to the passage of bizarre creatures that wrought havoc upon his team. Confronting an unprecedented threat, Harris displayed exceptional leadership, successfully halting the ritual, eliminating the cultists, and sealing the rift. The cost was steep, with his unit suffering catastrophic losses, leaving Harris as the sole survivor.

The events at the research facility left an indelible mark on Captain Harris. Nightmares haunted his sleep, filled with grotesque visions of the otherworldly entities that had breached the rift. The unnerving whispers echoed in his mind, driving him to the edge of sanity during the quiet hours of the night. Harris became hyper-vigilant, seeing shadows move in the periphery, and the unearthly lights danced in his peripheral vision when darkness fell.

The trauma manifested not only in his psyche but also in an acute sensitivity to the unnatural. It was as if a sixth sense had awakened within him, an instinctual warning system for the presence of the arcane. As the commanding officer of Operation Keystone, Harris couldn't escape the gnawing feeling that Helios held secrets as profound and malevolent as those encountered during that fateful operation.

He expected Helios to be a crucible of challenges, pushing him to confront the lingering trauma. The Helios mission was not just another assignment; it was a potential catharsis, a journey to either quell the demons that haunted him or succumb to the encroaching darkness that threatened to unravel his sanity. Harris knew he had to lead his team with unwavering resolve, but the unknown terrors awaiting them on Helios would test the limits of even the strongest minds.

CORPORAL KEIRA JENKINS

SAD Explosives Tech, 1st Grade, aged 30, Serial code 103927

STR: 13 (26) Move: 3
CON: 15 HP: 28
SIZ: 13 Dex SR: 1
INT: 14 DB: +1D4 (+1D6)
POW: 14 SAN: 50
DEX: 17
APP: 14
BRA: 14

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Unarmed Cmbt	1	60	+0	2d3+db
M11P Pistol	3	55	+0	1d10+2
M29 Rifle	3/5/10	65	+3	2d8
Rifle Grenade	1	55	-	varies
Combat Knife	1	45	+0	1d4+2+db

Armour:

Battle Body Armour 'Commando' (10AP)

Augmentations:

Earware (Cyber), Microscopic Vision (Cyber).

Skills:

Alertness: 60%, First Aid: 40%, Demolition: 70%, Navigate: 40%, Stealth: 65%, Listen: 70%, Spot: 60%, Computer Operation 30%, Survival: 50%, Low/Zero Gravity Ops: 30%, Forbidden Science 5%.

Notes:

Corporal Keira Jenkins' harrowing experience on 'Ngano,' a jungle world nestled within the 58 Eridani star system, marked a turning point in her military career. The mission began like any other reckon routine assignment for the UEAF, but it quickly descended into chaos as the unit encountered an enigmatic and deadly force.

Deep in the dense jungles of Ngano, Jenkins and her unit stumbled upon ancient ruins of unknown origin. As they cautiously explored the site, they encountered a mysterious being unlike anything recorded in their training. This entity possessed an otherworldly presence, its form shifting and cloaked in an eerie luminescence.

In a sudden and brutal assault, the mysterious being unleashed a devastating power that overwhelmed Jenkins' entire unit. The encounter was swift and merciless, leaving her comrades incapacitated or worse. Jenkins found herself miraculously spared, an outcome that defied all logical expectations.

Left alone in the aftermath, Jenkins grappled with the traumatic loss of her fellow soldiers and the inexplicable nature of the encounter. The encounter with the mysterious being left an indelible mark on her psyche, fueling a deep-seated determination to understand the truth behind the extraterrestrial threat. Her survival on Ngano became a haunting reminder of the unseen dangers lurking in the cosmos, propelling her into the covert world of MiliSci's Special Activities Division.

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Haunted by the memory of that fateful day on Ngano, Corporal Jenkins now channels her expertise and obsessive attention to detail into her role as the SAD Explosives Tech. The encounter with the mysterious being serves as a constant reminder of the paranormal and extraterrestrial threats that she now faces as part of Operation Keystone.

PFC BLAKE MICHAEL

SAD Sniper, aged 26, Serial code 104061

STR: 14 (28) Move: 3
CON: 14 HP: 28
SIZ: 14 Dex SR: 2
INT: 13 DB: +1D4 (+2D6)
POW: 14 SAN: 50
DEX: 15
APP: 16
BRA: 15

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Unarmed Cmbt	1	45	+0	2d3+db
M11P Pistol	3	65	+0	1d10+2
M29 Rifle	3/5/10	75	+3	2d8
Rifle Grenade	1	45	-	varies
Combat Knife	1	45	+0	1d4+2+db

Armour:

Battle Body Armour 'Commando' (10AP)

Augmentations:

Gyroscopic Stabilizers (Cyber), Smartlink (Cyber).

Skills:

Alertness: 60%, First Aid: 50%, Recon: 50%, Stealth: 70%, Navigate: 55%, Listen: 60%, Spot: 70%, Computer Operation 30%, Survival: 50%, Low/Zero Gravity Ops: 30%, Forbidden Science 5%.

Notes:

Fresh-faced and always eager. His defining characteristics were extraordinary skill with a sniper rifle, and an incredible talent with the opposite sex.

During a classified mission within a Dead Zone, PFC Blake Michael and his unit faced a perilous encounter with anomalies and mutated creatures. Sent on a covert operation to retrieve valuable artifacts, the team found themselves in a relentless battle for survival.

As they delved deeper into the Dead Zone, the boundaries between reality and the supernatural blurred. Anomalies twisted the landscape, and mutated creatures, remnants of failed experiments or the aftermath of the Blackout disaster, lurked in the shadows. The team navigated through the eerie terrain, facing challenges that pushed the limits of their training.

In a particularly harrowing incident, the squad was ambushed by an unknown entity, a manifestation of the Zone's malevolence. Blake Michael, displaying exceptional marksmanship, held his ground against the encroaching horrors. The encounter, however, resulted in the loss of some team members and left indelible scars on Michael's psyche.

Despite the trauma, Michael's skills in sniper warfare proved invaluable, and his reputation as a sharpshooter spread within the special operations community. The Dead Zone incident became a classified chapter in his military record, leading to his recruitment into the Special Activities Division of MiliSci's Bureau of Intelligence.

Now, as part of Operation Keystone, Michael faces a new enigma on the distant Helios III. The memories of the Dead Zone still haunt him, but his unparalleled sniper abilities make him an indispensable asset in confronting the extraterrestrial mysteries lying ahead.

PFC MARTINEZ ELLIOT

SAD agent, aged 41, Serial code 95002

STR: 15 (30) Move: 3
CON: 15 HP: 29
SIZ: 14 Dex SR: 3
INT: 13 DB: +1D4 (+2D6)
POW: 14 SAN: 50
DEX: 15
APP: 11
BRA: 14

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Unarmed Cmbt	1	50	+0	2d3+db
M11P Pistol	3	50	+0	1d10+2
M29 Rifle	3/5/10	70	+3	2d8
Rifle Grenade	1	60	-	varies
Combat Knife	1	60	+0	1d4+2+db

Armour:

Battle Body Armour 'Commando' (10AP)

Augmentations:

Muscle Augmentation (BioTech), Smartlink (Cyber), Cyber Melee Weapons (Cyber)

Skills:

Alertness: 50%, First Aid: 60%, Stealth: 60%, Navigate: 60%, Listen: 50%, Spot: 60%, Jump: 55%, Dodge 60%, Hide 55%, Computer Operation 30%, Survival: 50%, Track: 55%, Low/Zero Gravity Ops: 30%, Forbidden Science 5%.

Notes:

Private First Class Martinez Elliot, a former Alliance Marine Corps member, hails from a Venusian American background. Despite his assertions of Hispanic heritage, the last few generations of the Martinez family had likely never set foot on Earth.

In 2253, PFC Martinez Elliot was deployed to Innsmouth. Federal Law Enforcement officers, supported by AmeriCorps soldiers, executed a raid on the town. The operation aimed to suppress any potential threat arising from the rumored presence of Deep One hybrids.

During the raid, Elliot and his fellow operatives faced the eerie and unsettling atmosphere of Innsmouth, encountering resistance from the hybrid inhabitants. The operation resulted in the capture of approximately 200 Deep One hybrids, marked by the pervasive sense of

NEW HORIZON, scenario pack SW1.0

secrecy and the ominous truth concealed beneath the surface. This mission would leave an indelible mark on Elliot, shaping his understanding of the hidden dangers lurking within the realm of the paranormal.

The covert operation in Innsmouth became a defining moment for Martinez Elliot, etching itself into the core of his being. The eerie atmosphere, coupled with the unsettling resistance from the Deep One hybrids, left an indelible mark on his psyche. Elliot's memories were a mosaic of clandestine maneuvers through shadowy alleys, the haunting whispers of the hybrids, and the persistent feeling that the town held secrets darker than they could fathom.

As a SAD agent, Elliot developed a keen awareness of the thin veil separating the ordinary from the supernatural. The enigmatic aura of Innsmouth lingered in his nightmares, and he often found himself scrutinizing the corners of rooms for any signs of eldritch secrets.

Now, as part of Operation Keystone on Helios, Elliot anticipated a journey into the unknown, a chance to confront the hidden perils that awaited. The desolate landscapes of Helios mirrored the shadows of Innsmouth, and Elliot knew that beneath the surface of this alien world lay secrets that could rival or even surpass the horrors he had witnessed before. The mission to Helios wasn't merely an assignment; it was a personal expedition into the realms of the paranormal, where Elliot hoped to find answers and closure to the mysteries that had haunted him since the days of Innsmouth.

PFC KAMINSKI VINCENT

SAD Electronics Tech, 1st Grade, aged 32, Serial code 97023

STR: 17 (34) Move: 3
CON: 14 HP: 29
SIZ: 15 Dex SR: 3
INT: 14 DB: +1D6 (+2D6)
POW: 14 SAN: 50
DEX: 16
APP: 10
BRA: 15

ATTACKS:	ROF	A%	PV	DAM
Unarmed Cmbt	1	55	+0	2d3+db
M11P Pistol	3	45	+0	1d10+2
M29 Rifle	3/5/10	60	+3	2d8
Rifle Grenade	1	50	-	varies
Combat Knife	1	65	+0	1d4+2+db

Armour:

Battle Body Armour 'Commando' (10AP)

Augmentations:

Eye Light System (Cyber), Neural Datajack Interface (Cyber).

Skills:

Alertness: 50%, First Aid: 40%, Stealth: 50%, Navigate: 50%, Listen: 60%, Spot: 60%, Dodge 55%, Hide 60%, Computer Operation 30%, Data Analysis: 55%,

Electronics Comm.: 60%, Electronics Systems: 60%, Survival: 40%, Forbidden Science 5%, Occult 5%.

Notes:

Quick-witted; a fast technician as well as a good shot. Kaminski had been UEAF Special Forces. He and Jenkins rubbed each other up the wrong way, like brother and sister. Expertly printed above the face-shield of his helmet are the words BORN TO KILL.

In 2259, during the intense and prolonged campaign of Theta Persei II, Vincent Kaminski found himself plunged into the dark realities of colonial warfare. Confronted with the Walking Deads project, an initiative led by the sinister Karotechia organization, Kaminski became a witness to forbidden experiments aimed at reanimating corpses using occult powers.

On this nightmarish battlefield, Kaminski was confronted with unimaginable horror: undead zombie soldiers created through Karotechia's unholy experiments. The conflict against these reanimated monstrosities turned into a slaughter, and Kaminski was one of the few survivors. However, victory came at a terrible price, leaving indelible scars on his psyche and a first-hand understanding of the horrors that can be unleashed when dark forces interfere with life and death.

The echoes of Theta Persei II's nightmarish campaign lingered in the corridors of Vincent Kaminski's mind, a haunting melody of war and the grotesque fusion of science and the supernatural. As a member of the UEAF Special Forces, Kaminski had navigated the treacherous landscapes of the Walking Deads project, an abomination conceived by the clandestine Karotechia organization.

In the crucible of that unholy experiment, Kaminski confronted the horrors of reanimated corpses, resurrected through occult rituals and cutting-edge technology. The undead soldiers, a perverse manifestation of twisted science, painted the battlefield in shades of terror. The conflict against these abominations turned into a macabre dance of survival, and Kaminski emerged as one of the few witnesses to the grotesque amalgamation of life and death.

The victory over the undead was a pyrrhic one, etching scars on Kaminski's soul that ran as deep as the darkness he had faced. The battlefield, once a place of honor and duty, had transformed into a theater of the absurd, where the boundaries between life and death blurred into a grotesque tapestry.

Now, as a key member of Operation Keystone on Helios, Kaminski approached the mission with a mix of quick-witted determination and haunted resilience. The alien landscapes mirrored the desolation of Theta Persei II, and Kaminski, with "BORN TO KILL" emblazoned on his helmet, recognized that the silent void of Helios held secrets that transcended the horrors he had faced before. The mission wasn't merely an assignment; it was a personal reckoning with the unknown, a chance for Kaminski to confront the lingering shadows of the Walking Deads project and, perhaps, find a semblance of closure amidst the alien mysteries of Helios.

APPENDIX C: HANDOUTS

INVESTIGATORS HANDOUT 1

The Mission

OPERATION KEYSTONE – EYES ONLY

Mission objective:

1. Investigate the facility and determine the cause for the lapse in reporting.
2. If survivors are found, offer assistance and secure their safety.
3. If no survivors are present, execute a controlled destruction of the station and withdraw to orbit.
4. Exercise utmost caution to avoid contact with the Artefact.
5. Safeguard all research conducted by Dr. Kellerman and his team to prevent it from falling into enemy hands.

INVESTIGATORS HANDOUT 2

Dr Jarvis Kellerman – Personnel File Summary:

Name:	Dr Jarvis Kellerman	
Age:	62	
Date of Birth:	March 1 2209	
Place of Birth:	Armstrong, United Earth Federation, Luna	
Nationality:	United Americas (Full Alliance Citizenship)	
Marital Status:	Unmarried. Family – 1 sister, lives in United Americas.	
Education:	Studied xeno-biology at Harvard	
Security Clearance:	ALPHA-ALPHA-NINE	
Employment:	Lectured at Miskatonic University, Earth for 11 years, during which time he published ground breaking papers on xeno-cultures. Transferred to MiliSci in october 2250. Science Officer Aboard UEAF Brooklyn [2259] Attached Adviser To Antares Expedition [2263] Adviser To Congressional Committee [2265] Last Known Location: Restricted [Access Unlocked: Helios III, Helios Star System]	
Other Notes:	NOTABLE SERVICE HISTORY: SEE FILE A-987 (RESTRICTED); SEE LINKED FILES A-678 (RESTRICTED) THROUGH A-787 (RESTRICTED)	

INVESTIGATORS HANDOUT 3

SAD files

ETI POTENTIAL THREATS – EYES ONLY

Predators

The Predators, also known as the Yautja, are an extraterrestrial species that periodically visit Earth for hunting expeditions, considering it a rite of passage. Humans have become one of their preferred prey, as they seek out worthy opponents.

- **Appearance:** Predators are humanoid with distinctive physical features. They are large, muscular beings with reptilian-like mandibles on their faces. Their skin often features a mottled, camouflaging pattern, and they incorporate advanced technology into their bodies.
- **Technology:** Predators boast highly advanced technology, including sophisticated weaponry, cloaking devices that render them nearly invisible, and masks providing enhancements like thermal vision. Their spacecraft and gadgets exemplify their advanced civilization.

Xenomorphs

The Xenomorphs are biomechanical extraterrestrial species with a distinct life cycle. They begin as parasitic facehuggers that implant embryos into a host, leading to the birth of a chestburster. The chestburster matures into the adult Xenomorph. These creatures have an aggressive and parasitic behavior. Xenomorphs are predatory by nature, viewing Humans as potential hosts for reproduction. Their encounters with Humans often involve stealth, ambushes, and relentless pursuit, as Humans become prey in the Xenomorphs' relentless pursuit of reproduction and survival.

- **Appearance:** Adult Xenomorphs are sleek, humanoid creatures with elongated heads, a biomechanical exoskeleton, and a long, flexible tail. They have acidic blood, making them dangerous even in death.
- **Unpredictable Threat:** The Xenomorphs pose a significant threat owing to their agility, resilience, and stealthy attack patterns. They are known for their adaptability, making them difficult to combat.

Engineers

The Engineers, also known as the Space Jockeys, were a large humanoid extraterrestrial race believed to be extinct. They are thought to have played a role in the creation or seeding of life on various planets, including Earth, and may have created the Xenomorph species. Despite their association with the creation of humanity, the Engineers' motives remain unclear and may involve a mixture of creation, experimentation, and destruction.

The Engineers conducted experiments on LV-223 involving a potent mutagenic substance known as the black goo, possibly intending to use it as a weapon. The 'Phoebe bug' incident, leading to the destruction of the station and the quarantine of the asteroid, serves as another example of a bio-weapon causing mass destruction. These events raise questions about whether the Engineers viewed humanity as allies, experiments, or threats.

INVESTIGATORS HANDOUT 4



Main Star	Helios A
Type	G6 V
Age	4,3 billion years
Distance from Sol	42.77 light years
Companion Star	Helios B
Type	M2 V
Age	5.1 billion years
Orbit distance	53.7 au

Description:

The Helios star system consists of two stars: Helios A, a stable main-sequence star, and Helios B, a dying star in a more evolved state. The system is located approximately 42 light-years from Earth on the far edge of the DMZ frontier with the ERC.

Helios A provides a stable environment for its planetary system, which includes Helios III, a planet of particular interest due to its unique conditions and the presence of life forms. Helios B, in its dying phase, adds complexity to the gravitational dynamics of the system and affects the overall environment of the planets in orbit.

Helios Orbit 3: Helios III Class 2 Colony



Orbit Radius	1.1 au
Type	Arid
Density	1.02
Diameter	12,060 km
Gravity	0.97 G

ATMOSPHERICS / ORBIT

Atmosphere	Standard
Pressure	0.992
Composition	Oxygen/Nitrogen mix
Orbital period	401 days
Rotational period	29 hours

TEMPERATURE / SATELLITES

Polar	-16°C
equatorial	24°C
Satellite	0

UNUSUAL FEATURES

Complex and unpredictable, frequent intense storms, thick cloud cover

WATER

Water	Ice
% water	11
% ice	0
% clouds	90

MINERAL RESOURCES

Metal ore	12
Radioactive ore	11
Precious metal	1
Raw crystal	14
Precious gems	2

Description:

Helios III presents a landscape dominated by shades of brown and white. A scattering of space debris lazily encircles the planet, forming an incomplete orbital ring. The planet is largely arid, characterized by an extensive desert terrain. Helios III is a challenging environment characterized by its arid landscape and rugged terrain. The planet has a standard breathable atmosphere with a mix of oxygen and nitrogen, but it is plagued by airborne particulate matter. Despite its desert nature, Helios III boasts a complex weather system, sustained by underground lakes and rivers. Basic insect life inhabits the region, contributing to the planet's ecosystem. While the atmosphere is breathable, airborne particulate matter is prevalent.

Satellite data from the station indicates that Helios III experiences frequent and intense storms across its primary continent, often emerging with little or no warning. The planet's surface is marked by limited surface water, with vast expanses of desert dominating the landscape. Helios III's overall appearance is that of a dusty, brown orb enveloped in yellow cloud cover, accentuated by turbulent storm patterns. Devoid of oceans or significant bodies of water, the planet's monotony is occasionally interrupted by sporadic mountain ranges. In summary, Helios III is characterized as an aesthetically unappealing planet, showcasing a rugged and challenging environment.

INVESTIGATORS HANDOUT 5

Dr Kellerman. Operational date 04/06/2252

SECURITY ACCESS UNLOCKED. EXECUTE: RUNFILE COMMAND.

LOCATION: ANTARES PRIME [SEE LINKED FILE A/9989]

A man – Kellerman – appears in front of the camera, waving to a fellow researcher. His hair is thick, although already greying at the temples. Approximatively forty-four Earth-standard. He wears it well, and his face is youthful, his eyes bright with passion. He stands among the ruins of a Yautja starship, still smoking in places. Tattered organic material hung from alien trees above him, and he was framed by an ochre sky. He wore a MiliSci Science Division smock. When he moved, the fabric grew taut over his muscled torso.

"Quickly! The retrieval team will be moving in soon. This is a primary opportunity to examine the site before they get here."

He crouched among the ruins, prodding a piece of black chitin carapace – either something torn from the Yautja ship, or the remains of a Xeno primary-form. Difficult to say: the recording was fuzzy, poor quality. Kellerman confidently babbled at the camera operator, pointing out deviations in the normal Xenos development pattern. Off-screen, another science officer hastened him onwards, but he refused the request to retreat from the site.

INVESTIGATORS HANDOUT 6

Dr Kellerman. Operational date 11/02/2260

SECURITY ACCESS UNLOCKED. EXECUTE: RUNFILE COMMAND.

LOCATION: TAU ERIDANI [SEE LINKED FILE A/9989] – RIMWORLDS REBELLION – COLONIAL WARS [SEE LINKED FILE A/432]

Now aged fifty-one objective years, the intervening period since the last vid-file had not been kind to Kellerman. Propped up in a hospital bed, he looked smaller than before – perhaps half of his previous body mass. Feeder tubes erupted from his torso, and a spotless white bedsheet neatly covered his lower half at the stomach. Medi-patches concealed some of his chest, and one eye was covered by a bandage that had already turned an off-pink color. Realizing he was in a hospital, I understood that his injuries were traumatic and recent. An off-screen voice stated.

"Commencing psych-eval. Subject: Dr. Jarvis Kellerman."

Kellerman roared:

"I'm not a fucking subject! I'm a man. I'm a Federation citizen, and I don't deserve to be treated like this."

"Doctor, I am here to ask you some questions, to ascertain your capacity for a return to service with the Military Science Division. That is what you want, isn't it?"

"Of course it is."

Kellerman stopped, set his jaw. Were those tears in his eyes? He sighed and shook his head.

"Of course it is."

"It is unlikely that you will walk again."

"I know that already."

"It will take some adjustment. Your current posting is untenable given the circumstances."

"I know that, I know that already."

This was before his placement on Helios, and the attached records indicated that at this time, he had been permanently disabled, with a loss of use of both of his legs. They had tried nano-surgery and every form of regenerative therapy, but none of it had worked.

The evaluation went on for some time – hours, it seemed. Kellerman became more and more dejected. It felt wrong watching the man's obvious pain.

After he had been crippled, Kellerman had gone on to run other scientific operations. The psych-evals noted that, notwithstanding his injury, his mind remained sharp – sharper, one report even said, than before the incident.

INVESTIGATORS HANDOUT 7

Collection of vid-files broadcast from Helios.

SECURITY ACCESS UNLOCKED. EXECUTE: RUNFILE COMMAND.

Just poor-quality tri-D recordings, usually showing Kellerman sitting alone in his office or lab. The transmissions started with his theories on alien evolution: he hypothesized that the Xenos were an ancient predator race, perhaps having extinguished other sentient species. He theorized about the bio-technologies developed by the Engineers. Lately, he spoke of the Artefact and how he had attempted to decipher the signal. And then, after a few hours, the content of the files abruptly changed.

"I'm on the verge of finishing my work."

There was an edge to his voice. Something more than simple passion: obsession. He sat in a darkened chamber, with only a flashlight illuminating his face. Wearing a white medical smock, unbuttoned to his chest. A noise distracted him from his message, something like an explosion. Then screaming. Kellerman went on, his voice quivering.

"This place is getting to me. I never sleep anymore. The Xenos are everywhere. The sands stir endlessly. They used to ignore us, pass us by as insignificant. Maybe they sensed our purpose here. Saw that we meant them no harm, saw that we are men of science."

He paused, looking behind himself and into the shadow. I frowned. When the light caught his face, he had aged enormously. This was hardly the same man as he was on Antares Prime. He had become thin, emaciated, a wraith. The only indication of a soul within his withered body were his eyes; burning bright, sky-blue. His hair was fully grayed and thinned to near elimination.

"I have isolated an algorithm in the Artefact's signal. It interferes with the Xenos' communication method. When the weather is clear here, they are almost paralyzed by it."

The broadcasts became more and more troubling. Rambling now, explaining that he needed more resources. That he had sent a request to his superiors for more equipment. Some of the security team had vanished, or at least he couldn't hail them any longer. Suspected deserters, so Kellerman said. That was absurd; where would they go? He was always looking more and more ill, his face becoming more contorted and distressed with each new data file.

"It doesn't just affect them. Many of us here feel the Artefact's song. The noise is driving us mad."

The last file proceeded to play, and I felt a chill run through me. It began with Kellerman in shadow, leaning back in his chair. I made out the outline of his body, clothing shredded and stained brown. He hadn't changed from that same smart suit in weeks now.

"I'm terrified. Utterly in fear. Not myself, not myself, not myself."

The image flickered, distorted momentarily. Kellerman laughed, long and hard. The noise was sibilant, as was his voice now. As though he was having trouble speaking. It is difficult to make out what he was saying.

He stared right into the camera, fixing his eyes. Without warning, the holo lunged forwards, arms outstretched.

The image suddenly came back to life. The recording jumped onwards; probably the same day, judging from the state of the lab behind Kellerman, but at some forward point in time. He continued, shuddering in the dark.

"The work goes on. Too well. We have made a breakthrough."

He leant into the camera. His old face was tear and dirt stained.

"We lost three more men today. I have so few left."

INVESTIGATORS HANDOUT 8

UEAF OREGON, Conestoga class light assault starship

Length

731.6 meters

Width

99.6 meters

Height

182.9 meters

Mass

78,000 tonnes

Powerplant

- Gates-Heidman GF-240 rockets
- Romberg-Rockwell Cygnus 5 tachyon shunt hyperdrive

Armament

- 8x XIM-28A Long Lance ASAT missiles
- Twin 800-megavolt particle beams
- Twin railguns in dorsal and ventral turrets
- 60 orbital mines
- Twin 80-megawatt infrared lasers

Crew

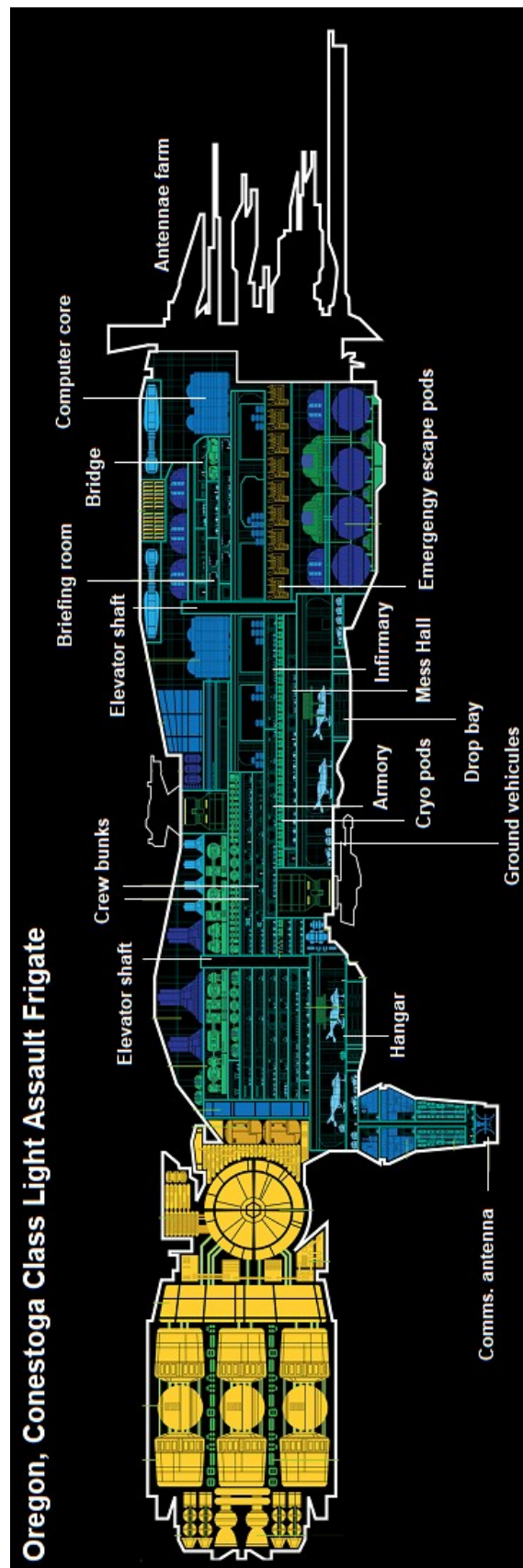
Up to 90 crew and passengers

Minimum crew

Fully automated systems

Passengers

Over 2000 troops in hypersleep capsules if hangar space is used



INVESTIGATORS HANDOUT 9

The Key

A formidable metal bladed instrument, as long as a forearm. Forged from the same matte-black material that adorns the alien vessel of the Engineers. It is meticulously clean and its surface is adorned with tiny, barely discernible alien writing.

When you grasp it, the Key feels unusually heavy, its unusual coldness sending shivers down your spine. Made from a material of mysterious origin, it possesses an unshakeable hardness capable of slicing through exposed exo mechanisms with effortless grace.

This enigmatic device holds the power to activate the artifact. Imprinted with the coordinates of stable black holes and solar storm cycles, the key contains invaluable stellar data crucial to interstellar missions. It holds the power to unlock the secrets of the cosmos, to bend the very fabric of reality to its bearer's will, and to unveil the hidden truths that lie hidden within the depths of time and space.

But with such power comes great peril, for the key is a double-edged sword, capable of unleashing forces beyond comprehension and reshaping the world in ways both wondrous and terrible. Its wielder must tread carefully, lest they become consumed by the darkness that lurks within its depths and succumb to the temptation of ultimate power.

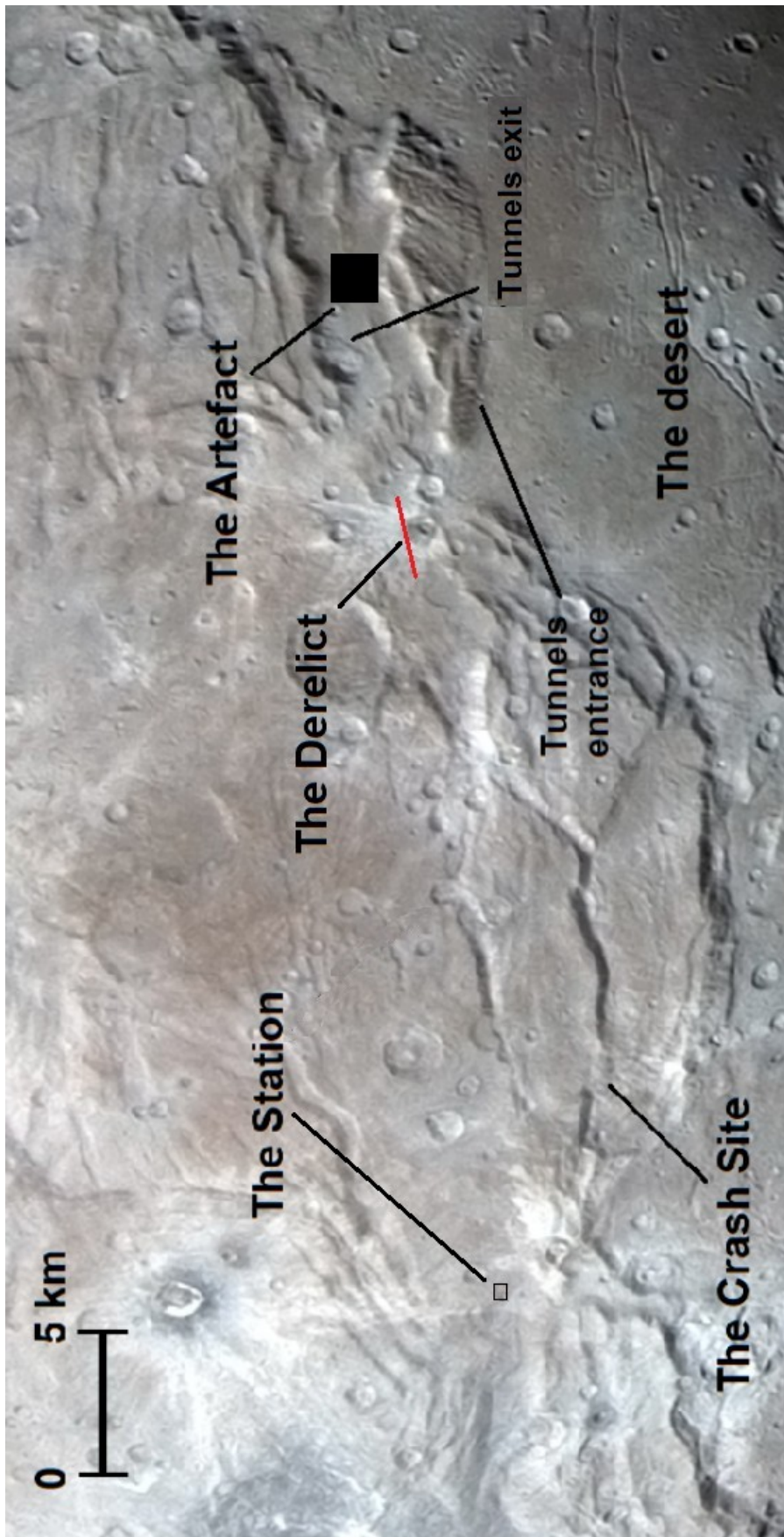
As the key pulses with ethereal energy, its secrets remain tantalizingly out of reach, beckoning those who seek its power to venture into the unknown and unlock the mysteries that lie hidden within its ancient and enigmatic design.

INVESTIGATORS HANDOUT 10

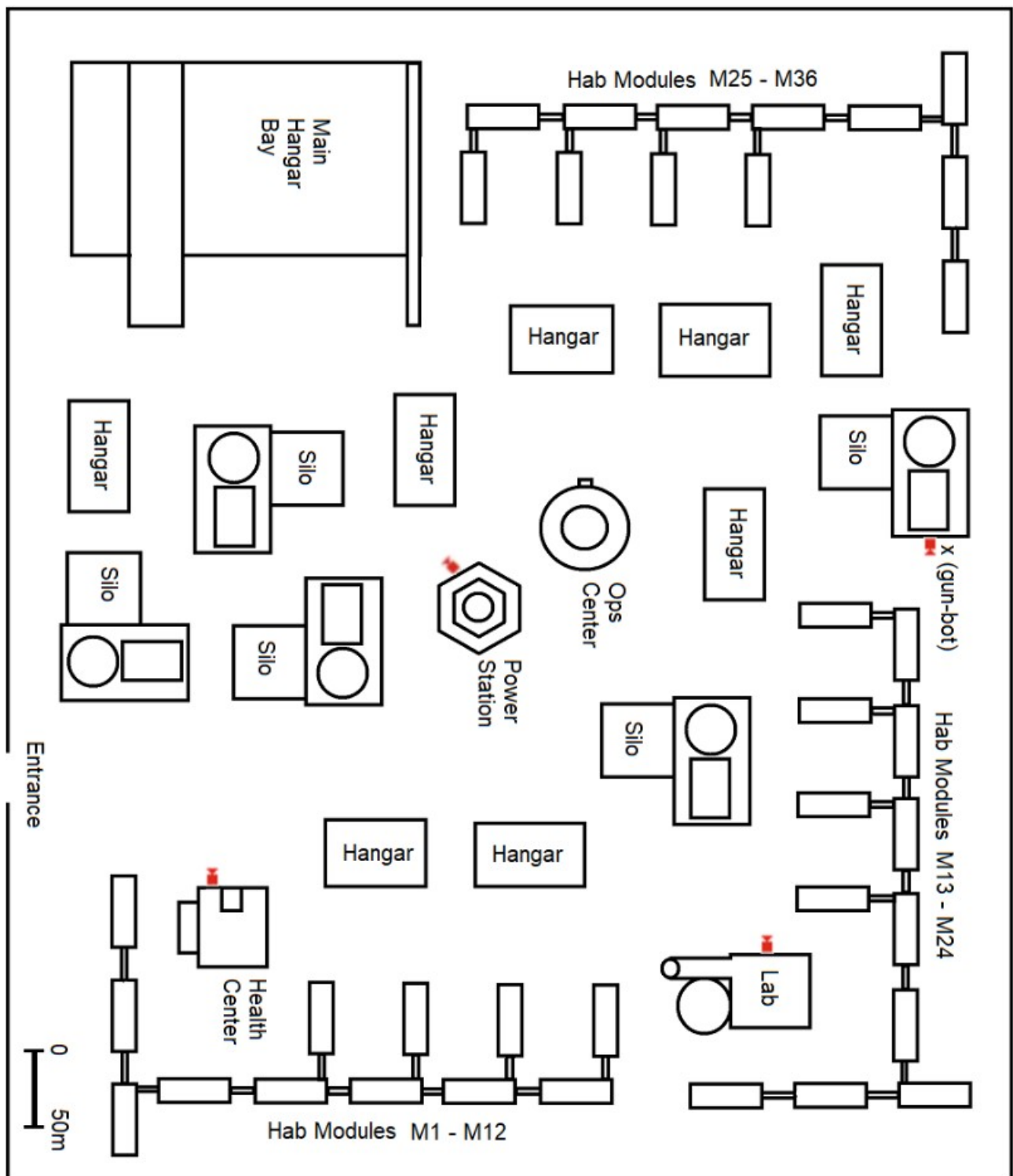
Equipment

- 1x set of H-suit
 - 1x HUD
 - 1x polarized visor with night vision
 - 1x Chronometer
 - 1x GPS compass
 - 1x Personal Communications System (PCS)
- 1x ACR Automatic Combat Rifle
- 1x VP78 Automatic Pistol
- 3x magazine 5.56mm FMJ (30 rd)
- 2x Grenade, Explosive
- 1x Medikit

MAP 1: HELIOS III

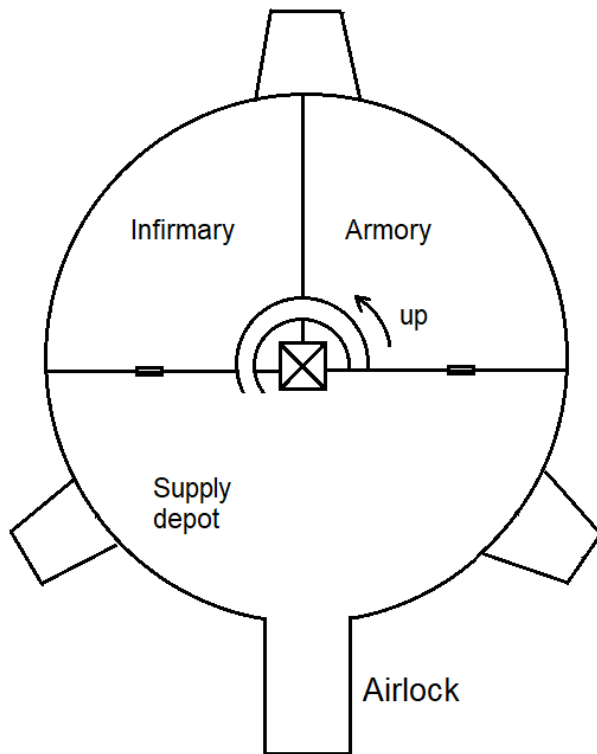


MAP 2: HELIOS STATION

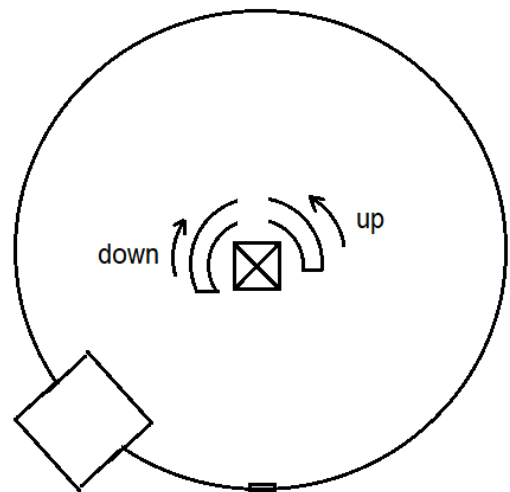


MAP 3: THE OPERATIONS CENTER

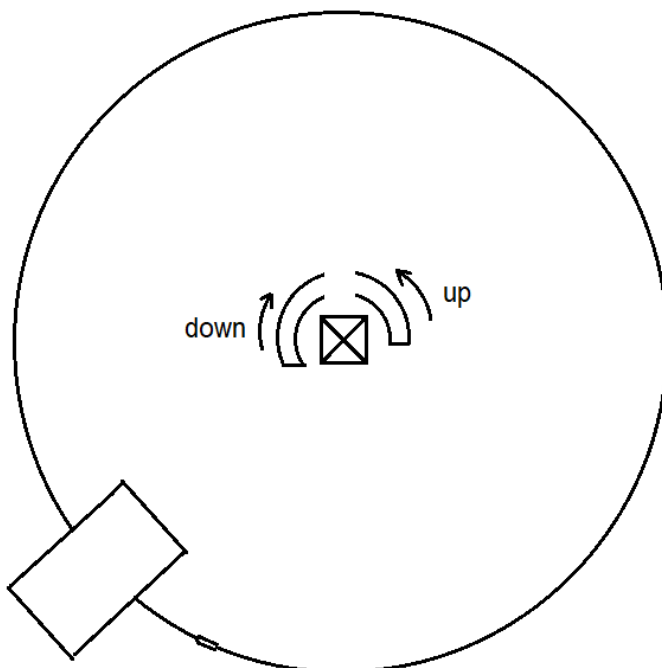
0 10m



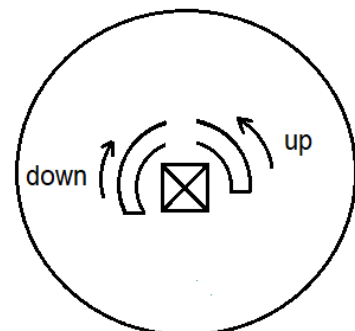
Ground Floor



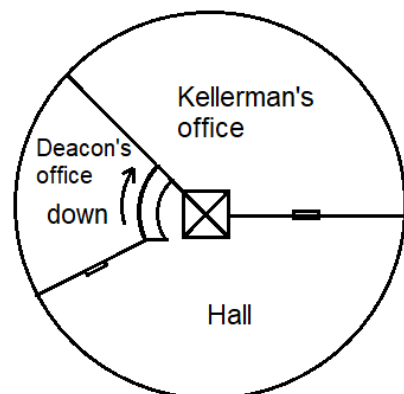
Command



Barracks

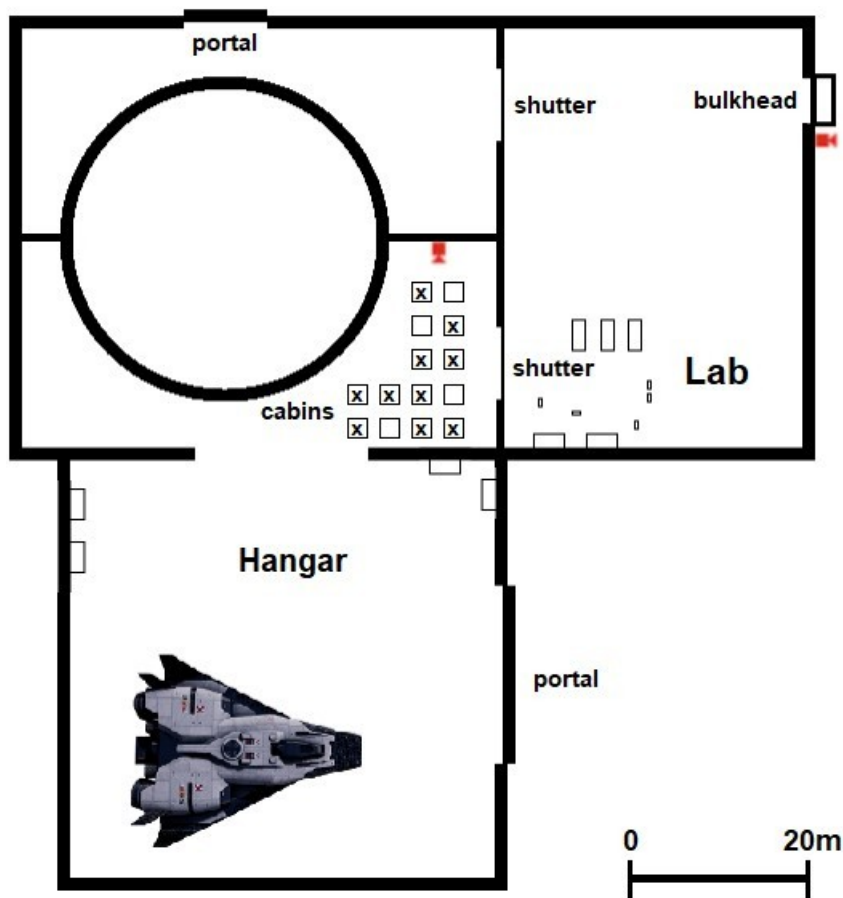


Ops

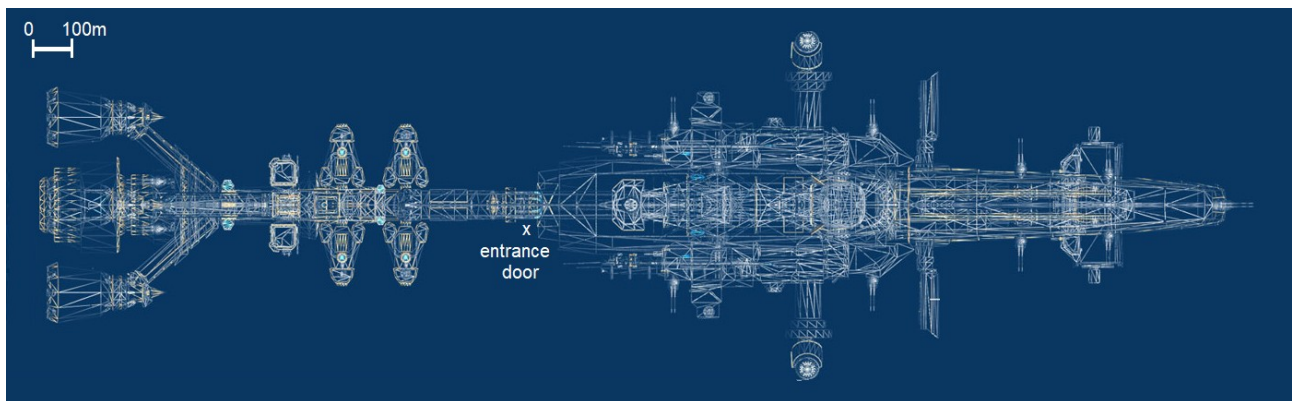


Administration

MAP 4: THE SILO



MAP 5: THE DERELICT



0 200m I

MAP 7: THE ARTEFACT



Collaborative Open Source Horror Roleplaying In the 23rd century



NEW HORIZON

Questions and comments on our web-based Git-repository manager

<https://gitlab.com/NHcthulhu/NewHorizon>

always contains the latest release

NEW HORIZON 6.2

NAME _____		Characteristics & Rolls		Hit Points	
Race _____	Gender _____	STR _____	Effort roll _____ %	Major Wound _____	
Birthplace _____	Grav. field _____	CON _____	Stamina roll _____ %	DEAD (— _____)	
Age _____	Height _____	SIZ _____	Damage Bonus _____	0 01 02 03 04 05	
Profession _____	Wealth _____	INT _____	Idea roll _____ %	06 07 08 09 10 11	
Employee _____	Rank _____	POW _____	Intuition roll _____ %	12 13 14 15 16 17	
INSANITIES Temp. Insane _____ Indef. Insane _____		DEX _____	Agility roll _____ %	18 19 20 21 22 23	
CORRUPTION _____ % Traits _____		APP _____	Charisma roll _____ %	24 25 26 27 28 29	
PLAYER _____		BRA _____	Fortitude roll _____ %	30 31 32 33 34 35	
		MOV _____		36 37 38 39 40 41	
Skills					
Combat bonus (____) _____		Mental bonus (____) _____		Perception bonus (____) _____	
☐ Airborne Assault (01%) _____ %		☐ Administration (10%) _____ %		☐ Alertness (10%) _____ %	
☐ Brawl (25%) _____ %		☐ Appraise (15%) _____ %		☐ Alien Environments (01%) _____ %	
☐ Garrote (15%) _____ %		☐ Anthropology (05%) _____ %		☐ Insight – psychology (05%) _____ %	
☐ Gunnery (05%) _____ %		☐ Archaeology (05%) _____ %		☐ Listen (25%) _____ %	
☐ Heavy Weapon _____ %		☐ Astrogation (00%) _____ %		☐ Orientation (10%) _____ %	
☐ Martial Arts (01%) _____ %		☐ Astronomy (05%) _____ %		☐ Read Lips (01%) _____ %	
☐ Powered Armour (00%) _____ %		☐ Biochemistry (05%) _____ %		☐ Recon (10%) _____ %	
☐ Street Combat (05%) _____ %		☐ Biology (05%) _____ %		☐ Research (25%) _____ %	
☐ Zero G Combat (00%) _____ %		☐ Chemistry (05%) _____ %		☐ Spot (25%) _____ %	
Communication bonus (____) _____		☐ Computer Operation (05%) _____ %		☐ Survival (05%) _____ %	
☐ Bargain (05%) _____ %		☐ Computer Program. (05%) _____ %		☐ Track (10%) _____ %	
☐ Bribery (05%) _____ %		☐ Computer Security (05%) _____ %		Physical bonus (____) _____	
☐ Command (05%) _____ %		☐ Data Analysis (05%) _____ %		☐ Climb (40%) _____ %	
☐ Disguise (01%) _____ %		☐ Field Fortifications (10%) _____ %		☐ Combat Helicopter Pilot (00%) _____ %	
☐ FastTalk (05%) _____ %		☐ First Aid (30%) _____ %		☐ Combat Driver (01%) _____ %	
☐ Intimidation (10%) _____ %		☐ Forbidden Science (00%) _____ %		☐ Combat Pilot (Atm.) (00%) _____ %	
☐ Persuade (05%) _____ %		☐ Geology (01%) _____ %		☐ Contragravity Harness (00%) _____ %	
☐ Seduction (10%) _____ %		☐ Hyper-Dim. Physics (00%) _____ %		☐ Dodge (DEX x2) _____ %	
☐ Status (15%) _____ %		☐ Law (05%) _____ %		☐ Drive (_____) _____ %	
☐ Torture (15%) _____ %		☐ Medicine (05%) _____ %		☐ EVA (05%) _____ %	
Manipulation bonus (____) _____		☐ Occult (05%) _____ %		☐ Freerunning (05%) _____ %	
☐ Armoury (01%) _____ %		☐ Other Language (01%) _____ %		☐ Hide (10%) _____ %	
☐ Combat Engineering (00%) _____ %		☐ Planetary Engineering (05%) _____ %		☐ Jump (25%) _____ %	
☐ Conceal (15%) _____ %		☐ Physics (05%) _____ %		☐ Jump Belt (00%) _____ %	
☐ Demolition (01%) _____ %		☐ Psychotherapy (01%) _____ %		☐ Low/Zero Gravity Ops (10%) _____ %	
☐ Electronics Comm. (05%) _____ %		☐ Stardrive Engineering (00%) _____ %		☐ Marine Craft (10%) _____ %	
☐ Electronics ECM (01%) _____ %		☐ Starship Battle (00%) _____ %		☐ Parachute Assault (00%) _____ %	
☐ Electronics Systems (01%) _____ %		☐ Strategy (01%) _____ %		☐ Pilot Atmospheric (00%) _____ %	
☐ Fine Manipulation (05%) _____ %		☐ Streetwise (05%) _____ %		☐ Pilot Aerospace (00%) _____ %	
☐ Forensics (00%) _____ %		☐ Tactic (01%) _____ %		☐ Pilot Spaceship (00%) _____ %	
☐ Forgery (05%) _____ %		☐ Xeno-Archeology (01%) _____ %		☐ Scuba (00%) _____ %	
☐ Hardware (_____) _____ %		☐ Xeno-Biology–Ecology (01%) _____ %		☐ Stealth (10%) _____ %	
☐ Heavy Machine (01%) _____ %		☐ Xeno-Medicine (01%) _____ %		☐ Swim (25%) _____ %	
☐ Sleight of Hand (05%) _____ %		☐ Xeno-Zoology (01%) _____ %		☐ Throw (25%) _____ %	
SANity / STability / HUMANity				Power Points	
INSANE 0 01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21				UNCONSCIOUS 0 01 02 03 04 05 06	
22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46				07 08 09 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18	
47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72				19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	
73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98				FOCUS _____	

NEW HORIZON 6.2

Melee Weapons							
Weapon type	Attack/Parry	damage	range	# attacks	length	hand	HP
☐ Fist (50%)	____ / ____ %	1D3+db	touch	1	close	1h	n/a
☐ Grapple (25%)	____ / ____ %	special	touch	1	close	2h	n/a
☐ Kick (25%)	____ / ____ %	1D6+db	touch	1	close	0	n/a
☐ Head (10%)	____ / ____ %	1D4+db	touch	1	close	0	n/a
☐ Brawl (25%)	____ / ____ %	1D3+db	touch	1	close	1h	n/a
☐ Garrote (15%)	____ / ____ %	1D6+db / round	touch	1	close	2h	n/a
☐	____ / ____ %						
☐	____ / ____ %						
☐	____ / ____ %						

Firearms							Armor	
Weapon type	weapon	ROF	damage	range	Ammo	Fail	Armor type	
☐ Handgun (20%)		_____ %					AP	_____
☐ Shotgun (30%)		_____ %					ENC	_____
☐ Rifle (10%)		_____ %					Rad. Shield	_____
☐ Machine Gun (15%)		_____ %						
☐ Heavy Wpns (10%)		_____ %						
☐ Energy Wpns (10%)		_____ %						

Nanoware		Bioware		
Nanoware type	augmentation	Bioware type	augmentation	SAN

[illegible]

Luck								OUT OF LUCK		0	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23			
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	56	57	58	59	60	61
62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99

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